The Wellsboro Gazette.

VOL. XXXIX — WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1913. — NO. 32.

AN ENJOYABLE OCCASION.

Editor Roy Talks About the Panama Canal—Fine Musical Numbers.

A fine entertainment was provided by the Brotherhood of the Presbyterian church in the main auditorium of the church last Friday evening. The principal number on the program was the descriptive address of Editor A. M. Roy on his recent trip to the Panama Canal zone.

Mr. Roy gave an excellent off-hand talk, intensely interesting from start to finish, and demonstrated that when occasion requires he possesses the happy faculty of expressing his thoughts and ideas on the subject matter as fluently and readily as he writes for the Agitator.

The speaker brought out in chunks many facts and figures of interest pertaining to the construction and the operation of the wonderful canal which have not heretofore appeared in print. He said the building of the canal was the most stupendous undertaking that could be dreamed of, and he characterized it as a marvelous triumph of American engineering skill over climatic disadvantages and obstacles that had baffled the best of French promoters.

Mr. Roy described at length the mammoth locks and gates and the manner in which they are operated in raising and lowering ships, and spoke in very enthusiastic terms of the great feats in engineering accomplished on this stupendous work. He mentioned with great pride that the double steel gates of the locks, the Gatun locks being 100 feet high, were designed and manufactured in Pennsylvania, at Pittsburg, also other machinery for opening and closing the gates. In the language of the classics Mr. Roy said that the Catun dam was "some dam." It is 8,000 feet in length, 2,100 feet thick at its base and 100 feet thick at its crest 115 feet above sea level.

The sanitary conditions which now prevail in the canal zone, which at one time was a veritable pest hole of malaria and fever—was highly complimented by Mr. Roy, as well as the successful manner in which the disease-breeding mosquito had been practically exterminated. The death rate in the zone has been reduced by scientific principles and methods to a minimum.

Electricity is used wholly as power in operating the locks, the massive and intricate machinery being under the complete control of one man who manipulates the electric keys. The entire canal, a distance of over 40 miles, is lighted with electricty.

Mr. Roy described the city of Panama, a typical Spanish town, and told of many other things relating to his trip which are now being printed in the Agitator in a more intelligent and readable form than can be repeated here by the writer. At the close of his talk he was accorded generous applause.

The next number on the program was a violin solo by Peter G. Cameron, accompanied by Miss Dora Wilcox on the organ. The selection was a gem, being rendered in a very delightful and artistic manner, the technique and touch demonstrating that Mr. Cameron is a master of the violin, drawing from his instrument its full power of expression in tone and vitality. It was a pleasant treat to the audience, but few of whom were aware that Wellsboro had an artist of such rare talent in its midst. Miss Wilcox came in for her full share of praise for her excellent work as an accompanist.

Mrs. H. E. Caldwell, Wellsboro's favorite contralto, followed with a sweet and pretty selection which was rendered in her usual fine style and brought forth generous and well deserved applause.

The enjoyable occasion closed with the serving of light refreshments by the Brotherhood in the dining hall, of which the entire audience was invited to partake.

Blossburg Paper Changes Hands.

The Blossburg Herald has changed hands, the owner of the plant, Dr. F. G. Davis, assuming charge last week. In his valedictory the doctor says:

"The duties of ownership of this paper and plant have fallen to the lot of one who has not craved to enter the newspaper arena. The present situation is the result of a combination of circumstances beyond our control save possibly in the beginning, which was at the formation of an independent county newspaper about five years ago. We're here because we can't very well be elsewhere."

The independent paper to which Mr. Davis refers to above was the Gatekeeper, that "Little paper that is (or was) different." The outfit of that defunct plant, which was owned by Mr. Davis, was moved to Blossburg and is now used to print the Herald.

Dog's Playmate Is a Pig.

The Williamsport Sun says that passengers on New York Central trains that stop at Waterville are treated to the most unusual sight of a young dog and a young pig playing together as though creatures of like birth. The animals are owned by Marshall Carson, a lumber jobber whose home is in sight of the railroad station. The pig is about three months old and almost entirely black. The dog is also black and of about the same size. So intimate have the two become that whenever the dog [illegible] for a short time the pig [illegible] piteously [illegible] to be reunited.

PETTY GRAFT IN LEGISLATURE.

Former Employe at the State Capitol Makes Interesting Statement.

The following letter from a former employe in the pasting and folding room at the State Capitol endorses the statement made in the Gazette last week by its Harrisburg correspondent, who exposed the manner in which the taxpayers are being bled to pay political debts of the Penrose machine:

Wellsboro, Pa., April 3, 1913.

Frank Conevery, Editor.

My Dear Sir:—I have just read the article in the Gazette of this date, entitled "The Taxpayers Are Bled," (Special Correspondence.) I not only agree with the sentiment expressed therein, but can speak from personal knowledge, having held one of the appointments during the session of 1911. There is no doubt in my mind but that the work in each department could be handled very nicely with one-half the number of men on the payroll. I know it could be in the pasting and folding room, and I believe that very much more work is done in that department than in any other.

It was indeed a surprise to me at the end of the first month of my term that I, as well as all others, drew for the entire time beginning with the day the Legislature convened, viz, the first Tuesday in January, and we did not report for duty until about the 20th of the month. The total amount paid to returning officers for that term was $7,676.60, and, as stated, a like amount was paid to the employes for the term, covering the same time for which the returning officers were paid.

To my mind it is clearly evident that this is one of the many schemes to keep the Penrose machine oiled and in running order. The investigation into these matters by the Humes Committee is one of the evidences that the people are coming to realize the fact that they have for years allowed the scheming politicians to lead them on and do their bidding whilst the State Treasury has been looted to pay political debts.

One more word and I am through for this time. As the Gazette is a good staunch Democratic newspaper, the editor of which is a man of influence in his party, is it asking too much to ask that he and other Democrats who believe these things exist to use their influence with Democratic members and Senators to break away from their old custom of lining up with the Penrose machine when it comes to voting on this and other reform measures.

Very truly,

D. C. SMITH.

Housewives Are Blamed.

The failure of the American housewife to buy to the best advantage is partly due the high cost of living, according to Mrs. Julia Heath, of New York, president of the Housewives League, who spoke last Saturday before the annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science at Philadelphia. She said:

"Marriage is a partnership in which the man is the producer and the woman the spender. It is the duty of the woman to spend what her husband produces in a way to obtain the greatest and most lasting benefit. American housewives have not been doing this. They found they could not do it singly and alone. By combining they already have accomplished wonders and will accomplish more."

Mrs. Heath also said that part of the high cost of living was due to women buying in packages instead of in bulk.

"The consumer pays the cost of the package and the extra cost of handling," she said. "The consumer pays for the great amount of printed advertising which adorns the package and every item on the list adds to the cost of living. The time is coming when we will return to the use of bulk goods, but will demand sanitary handling from the producer to the consumer."

To Look Into Corning Wreck Charges

Governor Sulzer, of New York, has ordered District Attorney Claude V. Stowell, of Corning, to investigate the charges made by W. H. Truesdale, President of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, concerning the administration of justice in Steuben county.

Mr. Truesdale alleged that William H. Shroeder, engineer of the Lackawanna train wrecked at Corning last July, in which accident forty-one lives were lost, was not brought to trial, although indicted, "because of some political bargain between his friends and the prosecuting officials of the county in which the accident occurred."

The indictmen against Shroeder for alleged criminal neglect was dismissed last November. Edwin L. Smith, former District Attorney, denies the existence of any political bargain. He said at the time the indictment was dismissed he stated to Judge Burrell in court that he did not believe a conviction could be secured on the evidence.

—As a result of the recent enactment of the Full Train Crew law in New York State, twelve Central brakemen who have been stationed at Lawrenceville will make their homes in Corning, it is reported. Pennsylvania has had a Full Crew law in force for more than a year and the extra trainmen have been running out of Lawrenvella, where they boarded south bound trains to comply with the letter of the law.

CAR THIEVES CAUGHT

Railroad Police Capture Six Supposed Members of Gang of Raiders.

Officers A. E. Overdorf and S. J. Lebo, of the New York Central Railroad, last Thursday arrested Thomas Regan and Joe Miller, all of Philadelphia, and two foreigners from the hard coal regions, and took them to Williamsport and lodged them in jail.

The men were picked up in and near the Jersey Shore yards of the Central, and it is believed that they are a portion of an organized band that has been robbing freight cars on the New York Central between Jersey Shore and Wellsboro Junction for months.

Eleven cars have been looted and the booty is believed to have been hidden at mountain resorts along the Pine Creek route of the railroad. At wayside stations in the Pine Creek regions there are sidings which receive many box cars sent out from freights. Not a few sidings are remote from human habitations, giving thieves excellent opportunities to ply their trade. Getting the stolen goods to points where they can be disposed of is the most serious matter with the car robbers on their raids.

The condition of the country along the Pine Creek route has lent additional weight to the theory that the robbers, who cracked the cars, did not keep the stolen goods any length of time, but turned them over to confederates in the vicinity and that in the mountain regions, through which the road passes, there may be located considerable caches of stolen goods awaiting the convenience of those in charge of them, to get them to where they can be turned into money.

Quality in Silage.

There have been many silos built in Tioga county during the past three years and many farmers are now using silage for feed that have yet to learn what good silage is. Many are not speaking very good words for it. We have been having four or five very poor corn seasons in this locality, with but few fields maturing, and much of the corn has not grown more than three to five feet high. This corn, in this immatured state has been cut and put in the silos. While such corn makes a succulent feed, it is far from good silage such as comes from well-matured corn. Thus, farmers that have been feeding immature stuff during the past three or four years, thinking they have been feeding silage, are quite free to say that they do not believe that silage is what it is "cracked up to be be."

These farmers should not be discouraged or in a hurry to condemn the silo. Try planting corn early, being sure to get good seed and corn that will mature in your locality. Then when the corn commences to glaze, cut and put it into the silo. After feeding it a few months every farmer will agree that there is a difference between immature silage and good silage from mature corn.—Joseph E. Fischler, in Pennsylvania Farmer.

A Health Decalogue.

The proverb that cleanliness is next to Godliness is often ascribed to the Bible. It does not happen to belong in the Scriptures but it is as true and directly in line with Scriptural teachings.

The same thing might be said of the ten commandments published by the Housing Committee of the Chicago Woman's Air Association. They are so worthy of obedience that they are republished here.

1. Thou shalt honor thy city and keep its laws.
2. Remember thy cleaning day and keep it wholly.
3. Thou shalt love and cherish thy children and provide for them decent homes and playgrounds.
4. Thou shalt not keep thy windows closed day or night.
5. Thou shalt keep in order thy alley, thy back-yard, thy hall and stairway.
6. Thou shalt not kill thy neighbors' babies with poisonous air, nor their souls with bad companions.
7. Thou shalt not let the wicked fly live.
8. Thou shalt not steal thy children's right to happiness from them.
9. Thou shalt bear witness against thy neighbor's rubbish heap.
10. Thou shalt covet all the fresh air and sunlight thou canst obtain.

Wants a Postoffice.

Frank Conevery, editor of the Wellsboro Gazette, has announced himself a candidate for the postoffice in the Tioga county capital. Go and sit down, Frank. It is only just before election that politicians love newspaper men. "Jest 'fore 'lection we're as good as we can be," and how they do love us then. How they do pat us between the shoulders, and call us "old fellow," and "my dear fellow."

How dear to my heart is the news paper fellow,
The week before 'lection, when I can use him.
His journal is then a great public exponent,
'Twill help to elect and keep me in the swim.
But after election, why, blast his old picture,
The impudent, worthless and useless old swab,
He actually thinks that because I'm elected
I ought to endorse him for some paying job.

IN MEMORIAM.

Tribute to the Character of the Late James Dinnison.

Nauvoo, April 9.—The death at his late home, Sunday morning, Mar. 30th, of James Dinnison, of Nauvoo, caused general sadness among a large circle of friends. He was taken with pneumonia early the previous week and although tenderly and skillfully attended by his son, Dr. J. A. Dinnison, of Williamsport, and Dr. Stroble, of Liberty, he continued to fail gradually until Sunday morning, when the weakened heart ceased to perform its function and the eyes closed in eternal sleep.

Mr. Dinnison was a character of which it could be truly said at his death, "Here lies a Prince;" for being reared by a pious Scotch mother he had early learned to follow the Divine Master and carefully study His word which he continued all his life and he was, indeed, a child of the kind. He was mild in manner and friendly alike to both friend and foe, but firm in his convictions of what was right or wrong, from which no one could turn him either by threat or bribe—honest and upright, a man of sterling worth. Grandly generous, he contributed largely to the support of his local church and every benevolence connected with it. His home was always open to everyone and no needy one ever departed from it empty handed. He has left an influence behind him that will continue to live for good in the neighborhood which he has helped to carve. He was reared a Scotch Presbyterian but became a Lutheran after coming to this country, and the church has lost one of its strongest pillars in his death, as well as the neighborhood one of its most useful citizens.

The deceased was born in Orkney, Scotland, June 15, 1839. He came to this country with his widowed mother when but a lad, settling at Nauvoo about 40 years ago, and has since run a grist and lumber mill at that place. He was active in business up to his last illness. He was married to Harriet Plank, Nov. 7, 1872, by whom he is survived and six children: Mrs. Walter Berrige, of St. Charles, Mich.; Mrs. Chas. Brucklacher, of Hepburn; Fred and William of Piere, Idaho; Dr. J. A. Dinnison, of Williamsport, and Ruth at home.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. A. B. Miller, of the Liberty Lutheran charge, who preached a very appropriate sermon from the text taken from numbers 10:23. The following selection were touchingly rendered by the Nauvoo choir: "Meet Me There," "A Little While and Home at Last." The following were the pallbearers: Samuel Heyler, Jack Miller, James McMahon, Albert Coppersmith, Henry Guy and Chas Heyd. Interment in the Hart's cemetery.

AUTOMOBILES IN COLLISION.

Car Driven By Lawrenceville Man Runs Into An Elmira Car.

Automobiles belonging to Joseph King, of Lawrenceville, and William Miller, of Elmira, collided on the macadam road near East Corning last Sunday evening about 8 o'clock. Miller's car was a new Overland which was being given its first trip. King's car was a five-passenger Buick.

The occupants of the Buick car, nine in number, were thrown out and the machine turned completely over. Mr. Miller suffered a strained back and his right arm was badly injured. Allen King, a small boy, sixteen years of age, had his left eye badly cut by flying glass. In the automobile with Mr. Miller were also Miss Luella Lyon, of Lawrenceville, and M. J. Gormar, of Corning, whose engagement has just been announced. These people were also thrown out, but were uninjured. Two little twin girls were also in the car, but luckily escaped injury.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller, the occupants of the other car, were uninjured and the automobile was not badly damaged.

Mr. King claimed that Miller had his head turned and did not notice his machine. He claims to have turned as far out of the road as possible and kept sounding a warning from the bulb horn attached to the machine.

The King party were removed to Corning, where their injuries were dressed by a physician.

Officers of Arrah Wanna Council.

Niles Valley, April 9—The following is the corrected list of officers recently elected by Arrah Wanna Council, No. 41, of this place: Prophetess, Nell Manning; Pocahontas, Jennie Rice; Wenonah, Lulian Sweet; Powhattan, Maude Kock, Keeper of Records, Ellen McIlroy; Keeper of Wampum, Macie Sampson; Collector of Wampum, Vera Dahms; Representative to Great Council, Kathryn Miller.

—Two children of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Allen died last week Monday evening, there being only about two hours intervening between the two deaths. Another child is seriously ill with the same disease.

Messrs John Sampson and Douglas Miner left Sunday for Elmira, where they will attend the Meeker Business College. About 35 of their young friends gave them a pleasant surprise Friday evening. Dancing was indulged in and refreshments were served.

Miss Jodie Kirkpatrick spent a few days last week in New York city.

—Lyman Dyer of Jackson Summit is a candiate for the office of District Deputy Grand Master of the Odd Fellows of Tioga co.

TIMELY TIOGA TOPICS.

Mr. Urell Taken to Medico-Chi Hospital Personal Mentions.

Tioga, April 9.—Last week Tuesday, T. M. Urell was taken to the Medico-Chi Hospital in Philadelphia by his physician, Dr. C. W. Sheldon. Dr. Laplace, who was called to Blossburg to consult with Drs. Sheldon and Hobbs shortly after Mr. Urell's accident last July, will operate upon Mr. Urell, as soon as he is able to do so. The results in Mr. Urell's ankle and hip fracture have been unusually fine, but his arms are still puzzling his physicians.

On Friday afternoon Miss Anne de Peugh Baldwin entertained at her ancestral home on South Main street. Since the death of her father, I. I. Baldwin, Miss Baldwin has not kept house, but the place is still furnished with the quaint, rare pieces of her mother's time, and it is considered a rare treat when the beautiful old house opens its doors to receive. The present occasion was in honor of Miss Baldwin's brother, E. M. Baldwin, of Williamsport, Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Dorothy Baldwin.

The Rev. F. B. Cannon, assistant rector of St. Stephen's in Philadelphia, is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Alford. Mr. Cannon was rector of St. Andrew's church before going to Philadelphia, and assisted Mr. Nickel in conducting the services Sunday morning, at which time the Easter music was repeated.

The ladies of St. Andrew's Guild last Wednesday packed and shipped a barrel of bedding to the flood sufferers in Omaha.

Miss Dailey, matron of the State Hospital at Blossburg, spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. T. M. Urell.

Mrs. Helen Shaw and daughter, Miss Ethel, expect to take up their residence in Rochester.

Williams D. Wilkins and Mrs. Fred Rhodes, of DuBois, were guests of Tioga friends Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Bicker, of Jersey Shore, spent last week with Mr. G. S. Walker and daughter, Elizabeth.

On Friday a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Darby, of Blossburg. Mr. Darby was one time superintendent of the Tioga tannery and Mrs. Darby was for a number of years a member of the High School faculty.

FROM SOUTH DELMAR.

Interesting Notes, Personal and Otherwise, From That Section.

Thumptown, April, 9.—S. L. Hoag has returned from Hagerstown, Md., where he spent the winter with his sister, Mrs. Jennie Steele, who is moving her household goods to Mr. Hoag's home here, where she will live for the present. Mr. Hoag is in very feeble health. When reaching home he found his house had been entered and several valuable articles had been taken.

Chas. Bartle died of tuberculosis at the home of his parents last week Tuesday. Burial in West Branch cemtery.

Miss Nora Knowlton, teacher in the primary grade of the Knoxville High School, has been at home the past week on account of measles and chickenpox being prevalent among the school children.

Wylie Phelps has completed a course in the Commercial Business College of Williamsport, and returned to his home here.

Alfred Hazelton, of this place, who recently won the prize in the spelling contest at Lawrenceville, is attending the spring term of the Wellsboro High School.

Jud Webster has moved from Wellsboro to his farm near this place.

Mrs. M. D. Howe, of Wellsboro, visited relatives here several days last week.

Mrs. Ingersoll, of New Jersey, who was called here last week by the death of her sister, Mrs. Carrie Bowen, has returned home.

Perley Bowen has moved to his father's farm, where he will reside for the present.

Gazette Ads "Exceptionally Good."

We take great pride in printing the following compliment paid the Gazette by the H. Black Company, of Cleveland, designers and makers of "The Wooltex" garments:

Cleveland, April 2, 1913.

Wellsboro Gazette, Wellsboro, Pa.

Gentlemen: We wish to compliment you on the good appearance of the Bernkopf ad in your paper of March 27th.

In fact we have looked through a number of your papers, and find that the Bernkopf ads are exceptionally good. An ad of this character would do full justice to the lay-out men of some of the metropolitan dailies.

We are always glad to acknowledge good ads run by "Stores That Sell Wooltex." We have written Max Bernkopf & Bro. commenting favorably on their store advertisement in your paper.

Very truly yours,

THE H. BLACK COMPANY

Advertising Did the Trick.

About a month ago Evan Jones, of Welsh Settlement, advertised in one of the local papers for a wife. He set forth his age, the number of acres he owned and other qualifications for maintaining a family.

Since that time, it is said, he received more mail in reponse to his want advertisement than any other person in the township. One day last week he got his final answer in the person of Miss Anna Plumley, of Delmar, a good-looking miss of 21 summers. They were married in this borough [illegible]

LITTLE MARSH MATTERS.

Large Silo Wrecked By Wind Storm—Personal and Other Notes.

Little Marsh, April 9.—The wind and rain storm of Friday night did much damage in our valley. The large silo owned by F. A. Cooper was blown flat to the ground. It was damaged considerable but is being refilled.

E. J. Ferris had business in Wellsboro on Thursday.

Jos. and F. A. Cooper disposed of a fine car load of cows last Friday to a drover from the southern part of the State.

The Ladies' Aid served warm sugar at the home of Arthur Wass last Friday evening. The proceeds amounted to $5.75.

Miss Emma Carpenter has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Rufus Owlett, of Farmington.

The eighth grade examinations for the rural schools were held at the school building Saturday. A number were present to take the same.

Mrs. E. J. Ferris and two daughters spent Friday with her mother, Mrs. Marquis Dutton, of Keeneyville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Murdock were in Wellsboro last Friday.

Mrs. Flossie Perry and Mrs. Clifton Davis spent Wednesday with Mrs. Ford Erway, of Knoxville.

Mrs. Ralph Stevenson and two daughters, of Jersey Shore, are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Berry.

Mrs. J. C. Berry, who has been in the Lock Haven hospital for treatment, has returned home and is much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Faulkenburg, of Watkins, N. Y., are spending a few days with Mrs. Faulkenburg's sister, Mrs. Joseph Cooper.

Miss Florence Taylor was shopping in Knoxville last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Jackson spent Sunday with friends near Tioga.

Fleda Berry returned to Knoxville on Monday morning to resume her work in the High School which she was obliged to drop during the illness of her mother.

Bert Warren has been on the sick list the past few days.

Mrs. Neal Robbins, who has been confined to the house for the past few months, is no better at this writing.

Mrs. Ada Cooper, who has been receiving treatment in Rochester, is much improved.

Robert Dickinson is now drawing the reins over a pair of wild steeds lately purchased. He will need a whip no longer.

Misses Thyrza Carpenter and Clara Treat returned to the Mansfield Normal on Monday after a short vacation.

The farmers of this vicinity are busy with their spring work.

Abolishment of Certain Toll Rates.

The Bell Telephone Company after having made a study of telephone conditions in Wellsboro, has announced free service between various of its exchanges throughout the county. Miss Caroline Herrington, local agent of the Bell Company, says:

"The official announcement reads as follows: 'Subscribers at standard rates in Wellsboro, Mansfield, Westfield, Knoxville and Elkland central offices shall be allowed service without toll to all stations connected with the central offices in the respective local service areas.'

"This all means that subscribers at standard rates in Wellsboro may call Mansfield telephone without extra charge, and otherwise Mansfield may call Wellsboro; also that Elkland subscribers may call Knoxville and Westfield. Knoxville may call Elkland and Westfield and Westfield may call Knoxville and Elkland subscribers without charge."

The distinct advantages of this new plan are very evident. The business and social relations between these towns and surrounding country may now be carried on by telephone without the cost of expense for toll. The company expects that the phenomenal development of the last few years in the telephone business will now be equaled.

Cut In Two By Circular Saw.

Fred Weaver, aged about 50 years, a farmer who lived in Lindley township, was instantly killed at Presho at 10 o'clock Monday morning when he fell across a revolving circular saw and his body was cut in two.

The man that Chester Turner, head sawyer at the mill, knew of the accident, was when a portion of Weaver's body was flung at his feet by the saw. A second later clothing becoming wedged in the saw brought it to a stop.

The accident happened on the old camp grounds at Allen's grove, where railroad ties are now being cut. Weaver was operating the saw. No one saw him fall but Coroner Barrett, of Addison, who was called, is of the opinion that death had occurred as the result of a shock of some kind before the body came in contact with the saw.

The deceased is survived by his widow and three children.

At Towanda last Wednesday at a tea given at her home Mrs. T. Jeter, Jr., announced the engagement of her sister, Miss Pearl Lauderbach, to Percy Coles, of Mansfield. Miss Lauderbach is a graduate of the faculty of the Mansfield State Normal School and Mr. Coles is the publisher of the Mansfield Advertiser and is also engaged in the drug business. The wedding will take place in August.

FORTY YEARS IN BUSINESS.

The Bernkopf Store Will Celebrate Its Fortieth Anniversary.

On another page Max Bernkopf & Brother invite the public to attend a celebration in honor of the Fortieth Anniversary of their business. They announce many inducements, including elaborate decorations, music, special prices and a style promenade of living models.

Forty years ago this business opened in modest quarters on the site occupied at present. The firm name was Guttenberg, Rosenbaum & Company, who, as their first ad. in the Wellsboro Agitator, under date of April 8, 1873, stated were "Wholesale Clothiers and Merchant Tailors, Dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, Hats, Caps, Gent'S Furnishing Goods, Dress Goods, Shawls, etc." Their wholesale place was at 105 Duane Street, New York, and they had branch stores already established in Elmira, N. Y., Susquehanna Depot (as it was then called) and Montrose, Pa. The ad moreover informs us that "Max Bernkopf is the resident partner."

Following the papers further we find that the old wooden block in which the firm was located was destroyed by fire early in October, 1873. The firm then removed to the opposite side of the street from which place April 15, 1874, they moved to the Cone House, predecessor of the present Coles House. September 8, 1874, the firm opened in the Keystone building, in the exact spot now occupied by their Dry Goods Department. In advertising the fact, the ad. calls atention to "a grand illumination every evening." This being in the days of kerosene we wonder what the illumination consisted of and whether it compares with the illumination promised for the fortieth anniversary.

April 20, 1873, carpets were added to the stock carried. Four years later, August 20, 1879, groceries and produce were added and shortly afterward shoes were included in articles sold. At this time the adjoining store was occupied, being connected by arches with the original store. This second store is the site of the present Clothing and Shore Departments.

On February 13, 1877, the co-partnership existing under the name of Guttenberg, Rosenbaum & Co. was dissolved and Max Bernkopf took over the business personally, running it under his own name until March 15, 1881, when Carl Bernkopf was admitted as a partner. The firm name was then changed to Max Bernkopf & Brother, which style is still retained and which makes this concern the oldest mercantile establishment in Wellsboro operating under the original name.

In 1906 the store was remodeled, the brick walls dividing the two stores removed, steel girders and iron columns substituted, the small, old fashioned windows replaced by modern plate glass front and vestibule, the second story, consisting of several rooms, made into one large airy room, large windows being installed on this floor also, and new and modern gas fixtures, etc., introduced. Alternations were commenced August 15, 1906, and completed December 10th of the same year, the store being formally opened in the evening. During the reception at this time practically the entire population of the town visited the new building.

The grocery was removed to the rear of the clothing store at this time, but soon outgrew its quarters and April 1, 1910, the firm leased the adjoining store in the Murray block for a long term of years, remodeled it and connected it with their Dry Goods store by an arch, giving them a most modern grocery and leaving more room in which the growing clothing and shoe stocks could expand. They took possession of this new store April 25, 1910.

Max Bernkopf died May 31, 1901, in the prime of life, at the untimely age of 52 years, having spent 28 years of his life in Wellsboro. He was one of the most public-spirited, progressive citizens Wellsboro ever had, always generously devoting time and money to the advancement of this place.

Carl Bernkopf, who had been associated with his brother from beginning, took over the entire business, but out of respect to the many years he and his brother had worked together in building up the business, has never changed the firm name. He is today the sole owner, although his son, Ivan M. Bernkopf, has been connected with the store since 1903, and is now General Manager.

The firm of Max Bernkopf & Brother has always been very active in every civic movement and enterprise that was for the benefit of the town in which they reside and have been ready and generous contributors to every industrial proposition presented for the advancement of the interests of Wellsboro. Ivan Bernkopf has served as secretary of the local Board of Trade for several years, devoting much time and attention to the multifarious duties of the position and has been successful in landing several industries. We extend our heartiest congratulations to this firm and best wishes for at least 40 years more of continued prosperity.

The base ball season at Blossburg will open May 3, when the team of the Blossburg Athletic Association will meet the Hermance team of Williamsport. A suitable program incident to the opening is being arranged by Manager [illegible]

A Match His Ruin

It was getting towards the end of the week, and the Newspaper Man had not found a story for Sunday. In vain his eye traveled up and down the Pompton turnpike at Cedar Grove, New Jersey, where this particular Newspaper Man lived, but he did not see a tramp, or any signs of material for a "story."

Finally, as he approached Meier's grocery he saw the figure of a man approaching, but the Stranger did not look like a tramp.

Slowly the man approached until he reached the smooth sidewalk in front of the store.

"Could you give me a match?" he asked of the Newspaper Man.

The Newspaper Man handed him a few matches, and as the Stranger sighed he said: "You might not believe me, but a match was my undoing."

"Ah," the Newspaper Man sighed too, "this looks like a story to me." Then aloud: "Tell me about it. Won't you have a cigar?"

"Thank you," said the Stranger, seating himself on an empty box outside the grocery door.

"It was this way," he began. "You see I used to work in a powder mill in Pennsylvania. Ever worked in a powder mill?"

The Newspaper Man had not.

"Well, I worked there as long as I could stand it. I quit because a match and a dog put me out of business.

"You know, or don't know, that a match is the last thing allowed in a powder mill, naturally, too. All the lights are electricity, and if you are caught with a match on you, that's good-by.

"I worked in the grocery store at Powderton; that's not the name of the town, you can bet, but it will do. I say I worked in the grocery store until everybody knew me. You see, strangers are not wanted in the powder mill, because the jobs go from father to son and naturally no strangers are welcomed, but as I had been in town for a long time and every one knew me, I was anxious to get into the mill and make more money. I was getting $2 a day in the mill as a starter. Soon I was raised to $3, which wasn't so bad.

"You know how smart a dog is, and now I want to tell you of the smartest dog that ever was born. We called him Jim the Powder Dog, and he was that human he could detect a match on a man. Bill, he was the night watchman, owned that dog Jim and he was a wonder. Sometimes, I tell you straight, I think that fellow Bill had second sight, or something, the way he would get onto fellows having matches, he and his dog. When one is working where there is no smoking allowed he wants to smoke all the more, and you can bet that we fellows in that mill wanted to smoke mighty bad and we had to go up on the top of a big hill to smoke on the sly.

"Dangerous? Well, somewhat. Now, there was Charlie Parker, he was carrying a pail of nitroglycerine one frosty morning and he stubbed his toe and, you might believe it, but they only found twenty pounds of Charlie. But to go on about that dog.

"I don't just know how to go about it, but there was a girl in the case, too, her name was Marie. It seems to ease my mind to tell you about this. You see, me and Chris Thompson sorter shined up to that girl, and Chris had been there longer, much longer than me, and so he had the inside track. But Marie did think a lot of me. There was always a soft light in her eye when she spoke to me, and she sorter hinted that I had better look out, as there might be something doing.

"There was something doing, for soon I began to hear where this man and that were blown up and all that kind of stuff, and it did get on my nerves.

"Imagination? Well, I guess yes, but a man can't stand hearing a thing over and over, especially if it's about being blown up.

"Oh, yes, I could sleep all right; no trouble about that, but during the daytime I got restless.

"Day after day went by and I was sticking in spite of everything, for the light in Marie's eyes looked good to me; but I realized more and more that my days were numbered. I wasn't afraid of being blown up, but I didn't want to leave that girl.

"By and by, what do you think happened? That dog got to following me occasionally. That always attracted notice, for he never seemed to like anyone save his master, and I wasn't a bit flattered at his attentions.

"One night I was walking along and that dog was behind me. Bill, the night-watchman, walked up to me soft-like and tapped me on the shoulder. 'Go to the office,' he said. That was all, I knew what that meant. I had to go and get my pay. I went and I asked why I had been fired. 'Better look through your clothes,' said the man behind the desk.

"I did and there in one of my pockets was a match. How it got there I never knew. I took my pay and went away. I have been walking almost all the way, trying hard to forget that dog, that powder mill and and—Marie.

"Mister, have you got another cigar?"

The Newspaper Man handed the Stranger a cigar and turning up Cedar street he went home to write this story about a powder mill tragedy.—Frank Smith in the Newark Call.

Most Northerly Coal Mine.

The most northerly coal mine in the world is that worked in Advent Bay, Spitzbergen. The outcrop of the coal is several hundred feet above sea level, and it is brought down to the shore by a funicular railway. A hundred and fifty men are employed all the year round, although the bay is blocked with ice and inaccessible to ships eight months in the year, viz., from November to June. Some [illegible] of coal are marked [illegible]

BUNKO STEERERS.

How Shrewd Swindlers Work Their Victims for Easy Money

Since both terms come from America, people are rather apt to confuse the bunko steerer with the broncho buster.

The latter, however, breaks in the half-tamed horses of the wild and woolly West, whereas the former is more concerned with the human ass.

In short, the bunco, or bunko steerer—it is spelled either way, and is probably derived from bunkum—is a swindler, his particular game being the confidence trick in one or other of its many forms.

The dictionary, indeed, defines "bunko" as a "form of confidence trick, by which a simple fellow is swindled or taken somewhere and robbed," and a "bunko steerer" as "that one of the swindling confederates who allures the victim."

The bunko steerer, however, often works alone, and the man who figured in the recent tragedy at the Savoy Hotel probably belonged to the fraternity, although not identified as a professional thief. The facts of that sensational incident may be briefly recalled as they throw much light on the bunko steerer's methods:

A very well-dressed man arrived at the Savoi Hotel one morning and, describing himself as an American physician, engaged two rooms, en suite, for himself and his wife, who he said, would arrive shortly. He had only a small portmanteau with him, which, as a matter of fact, was afterward found to contain nothing but old newspapers. However, his appearance was exceedingly good, and the hotel authorities had no reason to suspect him.

The "doctor" then went to a Burlington arcade jeweler's, explained that he wished to make a present to his wife, and, having selected half a dozen diamond rings and a diamond necklace, asked that the jewels should be brought round to the hotel, so that his wife might make a final choice.

This was done, and the "doctor" received the jeweler's assistant in his sitting room at the Savoy. Explaining that his wife was unwell, he asked for and obtained permission to take the rings into the bedroom to show her, and the assistant heard him apparently conversing with a lady.

Then he returned, said his wife would now like to see the necklace, and took it into the bedroom. Again there were voices, but suddenly they stopped. The assistant, fortunately, was very much on the alert, and, suspecting a trick, he rushed out into the passage, just in time to catch the "doctor" escaping from the other room.

A struggle ensued, and the thief, finding himself cornered, drew a razor and cut his throat, dying almost at once. I need hardly say, that his "wife" was non-existent.

Now this man may, or may not, have been a professional bunko-steerer, but his methods were typical of the class.

To begin with, he was well dressed, and so always is the high-class bunko steerer. I have known many of them, and they not only wear good clothes, but they know how to wear them. They have all the appearance of fashionable men about town. Then, his manner was good, and that, again, is typical of the bunko steerer. Many of them, although "wrong 'uns," are men of excellent education and birth, and even if they have not it naturally, they manage to acquire the air, speech and habits of a gentleman.

Next, the "doctor" selected a first-class hotel for his operations, and the very best hotels are the favorite hunting ground of the bunko-steerer.

In one respect, however, this particular trickster differed from most of his class. He was afterward found to be penniless, whereas the bunko-steerer is, as a rule, very well supplied with ready money.

Indeed, plenty of cash is a part of his stock-in-trade, for it is with a lavish display of genuine Bank of England notes that he establishes confidence in his victims.

Moreover, living as he does at the best hotels he must be able to pay a pretty heavy way. A bunko steerer will think nothing of spending £60 to £100 a week at a hotel, and why should he, when he is playing for thousands, often tens of thousands?

Sometimes there will be a whole gang of them staying in one hotel though, to all appearances, they are absolute strangers to each other.

They use hotels because, so long as they pay their way, which most of them are careful to do, they can come and go unquestioned, and have excellent opportunities of striking up profitable acquaintances.

It is hard to believe that Captain Fitzblank, who talks so easily of the army and foreign climes, who gives such charming little dinners who is so obviously accustomed to the best of everything, is a swindler, but he may well be, for the bunko steerer often favors a military pose.

And he may have been in the army. Many of these men are gentlemen gone wrong not so much immoral as unmoral. They are, moreover, born gamblers, and, to some extent follow their nefarious calling for sheer love of its many excitements.

They bring to swindling talents, a patience, a perseverance and an ingenuity which, could they keep straight, would bring them legitimate fame.—Pearson's Weekly.

Interesting Information.

In an interview published in the Kieler Neueste Nachrichten, Grossadmiral von Koster says many interesting things about his visit to New York, among them the following: "In the absence of President Taft, who was away on a trip to the Mexican frontier, the place of honor was taken by the vice-president of the United States, Secretary of State Sherman of New York."

$36,000,000 Sent to Britain.

London.—Approximately $36,000,000 in money orders was sent from the United States to persons in the United Kingdom last [illegible] according to statistics gath[illegible]

CALLING THEM BACK. By D. M.

The Crisis.

I wonder, when will it come,
That moment of uttermost test
When the naked soul is confessed?
Will it come when the drum and the bugle wide
Summon the nations of earth to ride
Like Vikings of eld on a turbulent tide
On the war wave's red spumed crest!

I wonder, when will it come,
That soul searching moment, to me—
And where, on the land or the sea?
Will the heart be dumb and the hand be numb
Or the spirit stout when it takes the list
For the fateful course of the battle tryst
From the first ordained to be?

I wonder, when will it come,
That sudden unveiling of sight—
In the day or the terrible night?
Whatever the time, wherever the place,
Forfend, ye fates, that there be disgrace
When I and my self stand face to face
Each asking: "Who is this wight?"

Then, courage; whenever it come,
'mid the hum of the lethal ball
On the field where the stricken fall—
In the foul arena's stifling dusk
Stained with the red wine of battle lust—
Let it come when it will, as come it must,
Courage to answer the call!

Then, wisdom: whenever it come,
The moment of critical choice
When the calm, imperative voice
Bids behold the divergent ways of life,
With unknown possibilities rife,
And choose then wisdom be mine to plumb
The mystery, and rejoice.

I wonder, when will it come,
That glorious moment, to me—
And what shall the issue be?
Each passing moment the future unlocks,
Whose faith is fast as the continent rocks,
He dreadeth not fate and its rudest shocks—
From defeat wrests victory!

—Owen Terry.

Modern Appliances for Whaling.

The use of the modern whaling cannon in place of the old fashioned and more picturesque hand harpoon has been familiar for a good many years, but it is probably not widely known that another modern invention has been pressed into service. Compressed air is now pumped into the whale's carcass until it resembles a toy balloon, and the hole filled with oakum, so that the whaler may set the carcass afloat with a buoy to mark it without danger of its sinking. In this way time can be saved in starting on the pursuit of other whales which may be in sight.—Springfield Republican.

Automatic Physicians.

Amsterdam now boasts of automatic doctors. The machine represents a man and in the vitals of each organ is a slot designed to receive a 15 centime piece—3 cents. The patient suffering, say, from heart trouble or liver complaint, goes to the machine and drops his coin into the slot connected with the organ in trouble, and without delay a prescription is shot out bearing the address of an apothecary, whither he takes the card and receives his medicine.

Chinamen Hoard Rupees.

Traders report that the Indian rupee is being imported by the people of West China, notably in Szechwan Province, for hoarding purposes. Its convenient size is attractive to the people. It has been introduced through Tibet in material quantities and the import has been considerable [illegible] of China [illegible]

NO EXCUSE FOR NOT PRUNING.

The Farmer Who Does Not Prune Cannot Afford to Grow Fruit.

Many and varied are the excuses offered by the man who owns an unpruned orchard; he is ashamed of the neglected trees and tries to justify himself by advancing what he considers, or more likely what he tries to persuade himself, is a good reason. One holds that pruning is little short of sacrilege, contrary to the laws of nature; another tells of his fond

Results of Bad Pruning.

The tree to the left, while "headed low" (the terminal bud pinched off) was allowed to form several unnecessary side branches. The other tree should have been cut off a distance of 2 1-2 feet from the ground a year ago, so side branches to form a top would grow. The three "suckers" springing from lower lateral buds do much to weaken the growth of the branches forming the head.

recollections of childhood and what excellent fruits he picked from the old apple tree, pruned alone by nature, another says it does not pay, and in his particular case it does not, for the chances are that the orchard is neglected otherwise. The only excuse that has any semblance of justification is that of ignorance, and that does not excuse the man who makes no attempt. Nature's object is the production of seed with provision for its distribution, and she is satisfied when a cherry is produced with enough flesh to attract some fruit loving bird that may, perchance, drop the seed far from the parent tree. Man grows the fruit for its fleshy parts and tries to improve these parts as much by placing the plant in a more favorable environment as by plant breeding and selection. The man who cannot afford to prune cannot afford to grow fruit, and the man who does not know how to prune must learn; the principles are not complicated.—Newark Call.

Asparagus Beetles.

Asparagus bed two years old, is badly infested with beetles. What shall I do to the beetles? G. Caldwell, N. J. Both species of asparagus beetle are easily controlled by timely applications of an arsenical poison, preferably the commercial arsenate of lead used at the rate of about two pounds (12 to 15 per cent. arsenic oxide) to 50 gallons of water. Spray as soon as the work of the insects begins to show, and repeat the application from time to time if the pests become abundant. Young beds in particular need protection from these beetles. Well-established beds require little attention, since the systematic cutting practiced keeps the grubs becoming numerous till so late in the season that their feeding and that of the beetles causes relatively little injury.—Country Gentleman.

—The North American and the Wellsboro Gazette both one year for $6.00.

HONEY BEE HOME LIFE.

Facts Regarding Their Field Work and Housekeeping.

The honey bees are a brilliant illustration of the blessing bestowed by labor. It is their ability and willingness to work which make them an example to every one. The young bee as she issues from her cell is a babylike creature, but in a few days she is at the height of her strength and usefulness. She stays at home, as a rule, for about two weeks, and helps to do the housework of the hive, removing dead bees and foreign matter, attending the queen and feeding her, secreting wax, building comb, caring for the larvae and ventilating the hive. When first hatched the bee appears to have no desire to collect honey; she must first serve her apprenticeship in the hive before the desire awakens to go forth to the honey fields. When older she either joins the field force and collects honey or is detailed to do sentinel duty at the entrance of the hive, for bees have a habit of placing a guard at the entrance of the hive to protest any intrusion from other colonies. Worker bees never sting a queen. When they desire to dispense with a royal personage they politely but fatally cluster about her so closely that she is smoothered to death.

When a swarm is put into a new hive the first care is to build combs. When leaving their old home each bee fills her honey sac so as to be provided for the journey. Nature demands several days rest for a queen after the issue of a swarm, and she gets what nature calls for while the bees are building new comb. The habits of the workers account for the cleanliness in the hive and for the exquisite purity of the honeycomb. The wonderful regularity of the honeycomb is a beautiful tribute to the skill of the tiny worker, while its slight irregularities show it to be the work of intelligence rather than of an unreasoning machine.

The nectar when first brought in is mostly retained in the honey sacs for ripening, being unloaded very unripe only when the supply is so great they cannot hold it all. From the time in the morning that enough nectar is brought in to load the sacs of the inside workers, all the rest of the day the bees are carrying around their loads of nectar. If it comes in too fast for them, they stick it in wherever there is an empty cell.

The Drone and Other Bees.

The drone is a large, stingless bee he spends his time in gluttony and idleness. He works not at all, neither at home nor abroad. From no fault of his own, he has a very short tongue, too short to gather honey from the flowers. The drone flies out only when the sun is high and the weather warm; he does not go out in search of honey, never goes into a blossom, but roams about only for pleasure and always comes home to eat. We also know that he occupies a great deal more room in the hive than his sister, the worker bee, for the cells in which the drones hatch measure four to the inch, while the worker bee cells measure five to the inch. He is very large, being more bulky than the queen, though not so long in the abdomen. He appears just before the swarming season, as a rule; and there may be hundreds or even thousands reared in one hive. Each queen moves but once, and consequently only the drones would be really essential to every swarm. As the season advances and the drones are no longer needed they are driven from the hive and slaughtered in the most ruthless manner by the workers. If they were equipped with a sting they might retort, but such is not the case, and they are obliged to submit to the feminine rule. The bee life is in the strictest sense, communal, and the death of the drones is necessary to the welfare of the hive. Idle boarders are not carried over the winter season.

The most common race of honey bees in the United States is probably the German bee. It is to be found both wild and domesticated. It is black in color and is not very attractive. It winters well and caps its honeycombs whiter than most other races. It can be handled with fair success by the average person, although it is inclined to be cross at times and has a disposition to use frequently its stings. Bees of the Cyprian race have produced the largest yield of honey on record for a single colony. They are very yellow in color, probably the most handsome of all bees, yet they have not become popular among apiarists because of their extreme sensitiveness.—F. G. Herman in the Tribune Farmer.

To Get Rid of Rats.

Rats are so destructive about buildings that any method promising their extermination is worth heeding. One farmer tells us that he put about half a teaspoonful of molasses on each of a number of old shingles, and on that, with a pocket-knife blade, he scraped a small amount of concentrated lye. He then placed the shingles about under the stable doors and in the runways of the rodents, and the next morning he found many dead rats. He continued the treatment for a few times, and his farm was cleared of them. He says he has never known it to fail. It is an accepted claim that rats will not eat anything that bears the smell of the hand, and by this method, their "medicine" is clear of the human odor.

Coughs and Coffins.

A cough, bear in mind, often end with a coffin.
But to quiet it don't drug your system with morphine.
Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, pure and wholesome.
For all coughs and all colds, is a sovereign balsam.
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Not crude, compressed gas, but refined, distilled gasoline—call for
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often putting small drops here and there about the combs where there is a little cup or cavity that will hold a drop, later gathering it up and storing it regularly where wanted. They can be seen after a day's work fanning at the entrance, sending air into the hive to evaporate the moisture that is in the nectar when gathered. When the cells are finished and nearly filled with honey they are allowed to remain open a few days, that the extra water may evaporate and the honey be properly cured. They are sealed or capped over with wax, and the work is done.

The Oldest Religion.

According to many scholars, the oldest form of religion is that known as the "religion of the dead." Before men had any idea of "Indra" or "Zeno" or "Jehovah" they adored the dead, feared them and offered prayers to them. They did not look upon the departed as being dead, but as still living in the tomb, about which food and drink were regularly placed that the departed might not go hungry and thirsty. It was perhaps while looking on the face of the dead, says Conlanges, in his "Ancient City," that man first conceived the idea of the supernatural and began to have a hope beyond what he saw. Death was the first mystery, and it placed man on the track of other mysteries. It raised his thoughts from the visible to the invisible; from the transitory to the eternal, from the human to the divine.

Cats Wanted.

The Governor of the German colony at Togo has ordered cats to be kept in all the schools, hospitals, prisons and other public buildings where the natives congregate. The order is contained in a decree dealing with the danger of the introduction of plague in Togo from the British Gold Coast. Dr. Koch, the bacteriologist, has reported the successful experiments made with cats for the eradication of rats in plague-infected and plague menaced harbors of China. In Hongkong orders have been issued providing for the maintenance of one or more cats in every household.

Rabbits Plentiful.

In Cornwall, England, 500 rabitts are often trapped in a week out of the deep hedges surrounding the fields. Trappers will sometimes pay $150 or more for permission to kill rabbits over a moderate-sized farm during a single week.

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the standard for throat affections, coughs and colds. Pleasant to take and acts quickly. Loosens the phlegm, strengthens the vocal cords and

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For an Aching Tooth.

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That has ever been seen in Wellsboro.

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The World long since established a record for impartially, and anybody can afford its Thrice-a-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-a-Week World also abounds in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything that is to be found in a first-class daily.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Wellsboro Gazette together for one year for $2.75. The [illegible] price of the two papers is $2 [illegible].

99 DARK STREET

—OR—

THE ACTOR'S DAUGHTERS

By F. W. ROBINSON

CHAPTER IV

TELEGRAMS.

HERE was a new, if small, item of mystification not readily to be accounted for. Here was one of the daughters of the late Noah Nash dating her letter calmly from a street that had no separate existence upon the map of London. What was the reason for it? Was there a joke in it, or a double meaning in it? Was there a motive for keeping the real address of the writer for awhile from the gentleman who had died with a fragment of his daughter's letter in his hand?

I sat over my breakfast and tried to think it out. Failing in my effort to arrive at any clear elucidation of the problem, I gave it up, or rather set it aside, as a man might do a tiresome riddle which he has neither time nor inclination to solve just at present. Mr. John Kench would solve it for me, or offer a clew, I had not the slightest doubt, until I was on *my* way to John Kench, when the doubts seemed to begin again and to press upon me obtrusively with every step I made toward Quay street and Breymouth Theater.

When I had discovered Mr. Kench he did not throw any light upon the matter; he stood and scratched his head, and looked down at the uncarpeted floor of his manager's room, to which I had found my way up a rickety ladder.

"No such place as Dark street, you say! Well, I don't quite make this little game out," he commented; "but we can find the girls easily enough. Oh, yes."

"By writing to their last address?"

"Not that way. I don't know their last address. Noah was never very communicative about his daughters," he went on; "never let you know too much. A pleasant old boy, but secretive and as proud as Lucifer."

"And how do you purpose finding these girls, then?" I asked.

"By telegraphing to the manager of the Royal Eastern Theater—where I know Delia was playing a fortnight ago—and asking him to communicate with her as to the catastrophe that has occurred here."

"Yes. That will do surely," I said. But I said it a little doubtfully.

Still, I telegraphed to Acting Manager, Royal Eastern Theater, London, the following:

Please wire Miss Delia Nash's address to Arthur Lissamer, or break news to her. Her father has died suddenly here. Answer paid."

The answer came back tardily in the afternoon, and was what I had feared it might be:

"Miss Nash has left the Eastern. Don't know her present address."

To this I replied:

"Please send last address. Answer paid."

To which the response came:

"67 Plaistow Terrace, Stepney, E."

I telegraphed to present owner of 67 Plaistow Terrace my request for information as to the whereabouts of the Misses Nash, lately lodging or residing there. Answer paid.

The reply came through the post office authorities:

"House empty."

I felt excited now, and on the warpath. Sixpences and shillings were flying away with wondrous rapidity, but the riddle should be solved in some way, I was determined.

I telegraphed to my deputy Fairfax; I begged him, as soon as possible after the receipt of my message, and supposing no highly important case was on hand in Newington Butts, to ascertain the present address of a Miss Delia Nash, who was performing last week at the Royal Eastern Theater, and who a few days ago was living at 67 Plaistow Terrace, Stepney. "Her father has died suddenly," I added, once more, by way of enlisting his interest, although I had no doubt of that in dear old George, slaving hard for me while I lay in the lap of indolence at Breymouth, a useless clog upon society, a drone doing no work, and with but little inclination for work, either.

Fairfax was very brief in his reply—in fact, all the replies I had received were painfully brief.

"All right. Off at once."

After that I thought I should have the patience to wait. I felt that the case was in good hands. I knew George Fairfax was persevering, fond of adventure, warm-hearted, hard-headed, clear-sighted, obstinate, just the man to ferret out a little mystery like this. Why, he might find it all out before 8 o'clock that very evening and send me another telegram to relieve me from suspense, foreseeing, perhaps, that I should be fidgety in the matter, and might be all the better for the latest news that he had discovered Noah Nash's daughters, probably. And one more telegram actually came to hand that night from him, just as I had fancied that it would; one more little item of sensation, perhaps, if I looked at it with George Fairfax's eyes:

"Be very much on your guard. A shady lot. Will write to-night."

And this was the last message by the wires for that day.

CHAPTER V.

IN the morning came a letter from George Fairfax. I had not expected his information by the early morning's post, but here it was to hand. Persevering and quick-witted, Fairfax had walked to the London terminus, taken advantage of the new postal rules, and dropped his letter into the special receptacle for the night's mail down. And so here at my breakfast table was his red-hot epistle:

"Railway Coffee [illegible],
March 10, 18[illegible].

"My [illegible] Old [illegible]—I am glad you telegraphed to me, because I am sure you have got into one of your usual delightful scrapes, which turn up when you are left long to yourself. Mrs. Matherway says you are not fit to be trusted in a land flowing with gall and wormwood and general malevolence; that you want looking after as much as ever you did; and that the sooner you are back in Newington Butts the better. What on earth, and why on earth, are you worrying your small fiddle-strings about the death of a poor old impecunious and probably unprincipled strolling player? What is it to you, old man? Why can not you keep yourself to yourself 'entoinely,' and, with your brier pipe for company, take it easily by the sad sea waves, and collect your scattered nerves and senses and ozone all together, and come back, the giant refreshed we look for, to your legitimate work. I would bet a hundred pounds if I were blessed with such a vast and handy heap of coin—to a split pea that you have taken upon yourself all the responsibility of this wretched stroller's affairs, made yourself answerable for all kinds of things and persons, in one of your stupid, go-ahead, slap-dash, treat everybody all round confidence tricks, for which you are especially famous in the Butts. Great Heavens! never was such a long list of bad debts as I have unearthed in that melancholy cash book which you left me to lick into shape. I have been round to every one of the beggars; I have told them you are actually starving for want of funds; and only one man has expressed a willingness to stump up, as soon as he hears from his son, who is doing pretty well in South Australia. And now you are at it down in Breymouth, where we all thought you would have been safe, with the place all to yourself, and begun pottering over other people's affairs, other people's troubles, other people's dashed, blashed nonsense and tomfoolery. Excuse my strong language; if it brings you round to a proper sense of your short comings, I shall not regret it. I have a reason for it. The Nashes are not worth your kind consideration and patronage, my worthy knight of the rueful countenance.

"Sorry fate as is the wind-up of the career of the paternal Nash, it is not for you to blubber over, sweet youth. Mr. Nash may be not worth blubbering for, and is indisputably better out of a rascally world. I have learned a lot about Nash and his daughters. I found the company of the Royal Eastern prone to be communicative after sundry drinks; and here is the result of my researches. Old Nash ran away from his wife—or his wife ran away from old Nash—doubtful which, and not to the purport of this story; both were bad, deuced bad, they say. He has left two daughters—one rather clever, but a devil of a temper; will have her own way, or chuck up her engagement, or hit the manager on the nose, and the other an aggravated edition of the first, with bad legs, or a spine gone wrong, or something, and a tile or two off, as a neat and tidy finish. Both these charming young persons have bolted from Plaistow Terrace without paying the rent—or at all events, as is the rent is not quite due, have disappeared, saith the landlord (snuffy plumber in the next street,) with all their furniture and the key, for which, doubtless, a small blackmail will be levied before it is returned to a confiding landlord. Some people have these little idiosyncracies at the East End of London; occasionally they turn up in the West. Once it has occurred, I fancy, Newington Butts way—I saw it in a South London paper myself, and for merry Islington—But I am flippant and frivolous, my grave Prince Arthur Lissamer of ours, and by Jupiter Tonans there is a reason for this tremendous ebullition of spirits, and of that anon, anon, sir. See postscript—purely professional—further on for details. Don't stop the flow of ideas now, to turn to it. It is hardly worth while. To our moutons—moutons noirs—these two little black sheep that have cut away with the key, after slipping off in the middle of the night with every stick of their furniture. There's a piano, too, that was to be paid by instalments, seven years' hire system, and the instrument warranted not to fall to pieces before the last instalment was due. That's a clear fraud, for Delia—pretty pastoral patronymic Delia—has signed a bond as long as I am, and as tightly drawn up as Shylock's, not to remove the article off the premises, etc., under pains and penalties, etc., that the Star Chamber would not have imposed in its palmiest days of oppression.

"There! if that true and particular account be not soul-harrowing enough to form a ghastly warning to you to leave these Nashes to themselves, to let them 'gang their willfu gait,' piano and all, key and all, I don't know what is. I have written you a grave, serious, solemn epistle, which I hope you will profit by. I have set down naught in malice, I have extenuated nothing. I have not discovered where the vanishing ladies have got to; and you may plank your bottom dollar that it will not be their business to let any human being find out at present. So resume the even tenor of your way, dreamy friend of my youth, and let the world go hang. And if you were a wise man, which you 'bean't,' you'd slide as gracefully away from the responsibilities incurred in a spasmodic fit of emotional blunderheadedness as the Nash girls have slid off with the goods which the owner would have [illegible] next Lady-day. A grateful [illegible] from public [illegible] for [illegible] lady of [illegible] rassments and confuses a multitude of persons who are curious-like as to what has become of you! Try it. 'One trial will prove the fact,' as the grocers say in the London Road. When do you return? I am in no hurry to give up the reins, but I shall be glad to say to your hatchet face; 'Welcome home, old boy! By Jove, you are looking well?' That's what I and good Mrs. Matherway are waiting for with exemplary patience. Excuse the brevity of this note. I would write at length, but train will be off very shortly.

"Yours always,

"George Fairfax."

"P. S.—I think old Brownfen the publican your landlord is going in for gout. He has it regularly and badly, he says, and I fancy he will have it first-rate this time. If you only had a hundred patients like him, and all as regular—eh, Hippocrates by the sea? My old aunt's got another attack, too, by the way, but she will not let me attend her. No smell of a fee there; she hates the sight of a Fairfax, you know; and, besides, I'm not clever enough. Well, that's true. Good-night."

I cannot say that this letter, explicit though it was, and significant of much trouble taken on my behalf—was wholly satisfactory to me. It was wordy and flippant; it was hardly Fairfax's style, unless he was in extraordinarily good spirits, and Brownfen's gout could hardly account for that; it too plainly and unpleasantly convinced me that I had taken too much upon myself and had dashed, at a venture, at a task which I might more wisely have left to those more intimately concerned. It implied perhaps that I was an ass to go out of my way to show a little kindness, a little charity, a little sympathy with one of the unfortunates with whom the world is always overstocked. It brought an ugly furrow to my forehead, too, as though it had tried my temper; it was too much in contrast to my own train of thought, which was not light and bright just then, which the dead player had helped to shadow strangely for me.

Then I reread the letter, this time more critically—read, as it were, between the lines and thought I could hear the beats of Fairfax's warm heart more clearly on a second perusal. He had guessed I was excited and worried; he was not quite certain that I had not accepted responbilities which I had no right to burden myself with; there was more than one warning in his letter, however jestingly conveyed to me the warnings might be; there was anxiety, perhaps fear. And there was the wish—which he had always had—*to lighten my load in life, to brighten it* by his sunny, sanguine nature, in every way that he possibly could. Yes, I did hear the beatings of my old friend's heart between the lines which he had dashed off in the coffee shop.

"Dear old George," I soliloquized; "as slangy, frivolous, and thorough as ever; you know more of the world than I do, and yours is the wisest of advice."

The wisest and yet the most commonplace—the most natural advice in the world, to be summed up in hard, churlish words, "Mind your own business." And yet I never dreamed of following it; not for one fleeting instant did it suggest itself to me that I should leave Mr. Kench, Noah Nash's stagy friends, relations, and acquaintances, to shift for themselves in the best way that might occur to them, and so "exist with myself, not comfortless."

If I could not see the end of it all, I would see as far to the end as I could. In my own way, too, it is possible that I was as thorough as my medical representative at Newington.

CHAPTER VI

HYACINTHA.

TO the best of my ability, then, I saw the little tragedy out, and took no advice from Fairfax. I wrote the next day to tell him of my fixed intentions, and he was charitable enough to spare me any protests on the subject. He did not even write me a second flippant epistle of enormous length, but begged me earnestly to take it coolly, and wish me very heartily through "the whole business." He promised, at my special request, to continue his inquiries for the sisters Nash, and communicate with me should any news turn up; and then, like a man who understood me well, he left me completely to myself.

I was grateful. He had hinted that I should not "worry," but I felt that it was in the power of friends—by well-meant advice, but injudicious interference—to worry me most of all. He knew I had made up my mind. He was a wise friend to say no more.

Well, I suppose I did worry. I was not strong enough yet to take even the death of a strolling player with composure. I who had walked the hospital and seen so much of death. I was somewhat irritable under my new responsibilities. I was conscious that I was not acting coolly and sensibly, that I was giving my feelings too much play, that I was puzzling over problems which I had no right to attempt to solve, that, failing in the solution of them, I was at times angry and confused. The pitiable condition of Mr. Kench's company distressed me as I knew more of them all, so their hard, brave fight to hold together under the adverse circumstances of want of patronage and want of money, and the cheerful way in which they encountered and surmounted those difficulties, interested me unduly, absorbed my attention more than my friends would have imagined. There was trouble, too, over the inquest of Noah Nash; a fussy coroner, a still more fussy local doctor, both of whom took me to task for interfering, and told me that I had no right to order the removal of the body of Mr. Nash to his lodgings before the proper authorities had taken the matter in hand and decided what was to be done. I was reminded that I had been defying the law, and that there was such a thing as a mortuary in Breymouth; that I had been extr[illegible] a stra[illegible] in the [illegible] myself fortunate if I escaped a prosecution. I found myself involved in a small paper war with the authorities, until the inquest was over, and a gracious permission given to bury Noah Nash in any way that best pleased me and Mr. Nash's friends, and till the funeral was over—at my own expense pro tem., as it was delicately put by Mr. Kench—"merely pro tem., sir"—I knew very little of that peace and rest which I had come all this long way from London to seek.

And during all that time no sight or sound of Noah Nash's daughters—the phantoms of Dark street; no knowledge on their part of the father's decease, or a studied silence which—if they were that "shady lot" indicated in a recent telegram—it was not considered politic to break, till the remains of Mr. Nash had been decently interred.

"It's odd, sir; it's more than odd," said Mr. Kench, the day of the funeral. "I could understand better anything or those girls, save their hiding away where nobody can find them. It isn't like them a bit."

"Do you think they are in difficulties?" I ventured to inquire. I had not told him anything of Fairfax's communication to me.

"Very likely. It is not wholly impossible for the best of us to be in difficulties," he said, with a nervous twitching at the corners of his mouth; "but that wouldn't have kept them away from the funeral. Why, dash it, sir, the young one would have walked here, and the old one—"

"The old one?" I repeated, interrogatively.

"Would have come on her hands and knees if there had been no other way of getting to Breymouth. No, I can't make it out at all."

"Have you written to any one about them?"

"To every one in London who knows them, 'pon my honor."

"We must leave it to time, then."

"Exactly. I leave everything to time myself," was the answer; "and I fancy that's the best way. It saves a heap of trouble."

"Yes. I suppose so."

"I'm leaving my business affairs to time," he added, dryly; "not but that business is looking up wonderfully for this time of year. Whether it's the town sympathy with Nash, or *the funeral was a bit of an* advertisement, or whether I'm on my mettle and acting more powerfully (now that I have the weight of it all on my shoulders), I don't know; but we're not doing altogether badly."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Time, you see, then—and taking things coolly—and there you are."

"Ah, yes, there you are!"

Had I been blessed with the philosophical bent of mind which distinguished the manager of Breymouth Theater, I should not have suffered a small relapse in health soon after this conversation.

The funeral over, the bill paid, the paper war at an end, the anxiety as to the whereabouts of the Misses Nash less of a novelty, and then for a week, or perhaps a fortnight, I went back to something of the old dismal feelings and grim fancies which had been born of overwork, and alarmed the few who cared for me which had brought me to the sea at the end of the winter months, a gentleman at ease. I went back to my old, strange depressions, to a nervous fear of my future, followed in half an hour's time by *a* disregard, total and complete, of anything that the future might have in store for me to days of restlessness wherein it was a misery to sit still, to days of utter torpidity when it was mental torture to move out of the deep armchair wherein I sat shivering and watching the flaring of the coals in the old-fashioned grate before me. I did not tell any one in London of this slight relapse, this warning to be carefully still. I imitated Fairfax's style of epistolary correspondence; I talked of coming back to Newington Butts very shortly, when I felt like a prisoner chained to the walls of a cell, a powerless nonentity; but I thought that I should get better by degrees if I were left to myself. I was getting better, I was sure, some ten days after the funeral of Noah Nash. I was taking my morning constitutional on the Esplanade again. I was making for the hills once more, although easily tired in my ascent of them. I was strolling along the deep sands. I was sailing out across the sea with a trusty fisherman. In the afternoon, after my early dinner, I felt extra exhausted, perhaps. I could drop off to sleep like a tired child, and only wake up when Mrs Higginson plunged in with her tray of tea things three hours afterward. But—yes, I was getting better. I was shaking off all my nonsense, as George Fairfax would have impolitely put it, when the thread of this story was taken up again.

It was a dull afternoon, and I had fallen into one of those deep sleeps which I have just mentioned. I woke up conscious that there were visitors in my room, who had entered unannounced or whose announcement of their presence had fallen upon deaf ears. I had slept through their introduction to the first floor; and it was only their voices commenting upon my slumbers which had brought me to a less comatose condition. I was awake, but I did not open my eyes at once. I was not quite certain whether this was dreamland or not.

"No, pray don't wake him, please," said one of the most musical voices I had ever heard in my life. "Not on my account. I will call again—in half an hour or so."

"He's always like that now—just clean tired out, ma'am."

"He looks very ill."

"Yes like a ghost, isn't he?" said Mrs. Higginson; "and that sound off, too—like a cold corpus. I don't think it's a good sign, for—"

"We must not talk here," said the voice, more sharply. "Tell Mr. Lissamer that I have been sent by Mr. Kench, who has been kind enough to give me his address."

"What na[illegible] shall I say?"

"A lady from the theater."

"He's had [illegible] of that theater, I should think," muttered Mrs. [illegible] in a [illegible] of [illegible]. "It's [illegible] [illegible] wouldn't have shown you up! I hope nothing is wanted of him."

"I hope not," said the voice, more sadly, and still more musically, in its low and pathetic tones.

I was wideawake now. My first impulse had been to feign sleep, so that this visitor could be hurried off the premises again. I had a nervous horror of visitors at any time; was always glad of any excuse to evade them, any subterfuge; but the last remark thrilled me, and I guessed—I can hardly tell why—who had come to see me.

I opened my eyes and looked at them both with well feigned surprise. I rose slowly and bowed to the lady facing me—a tall, dark-featured, handsome woman, leaning on a crutch handled stick, and regarding me with a keen, rapt interest. I was sure who it was before a word had passed her lips. This was one of the missing sisters from Dark street—Hyacintha."

"Mr. Lissamer," she said, in a quick, embarrassed tone. "I believe I have the honor of addressing Mr. Lissamer?"

"Yes, madam. Pray be seated."

"I come on business of importance. I have just left Mr. Kench, the lessee of the theater here," she said, sitting down, thus abjured. "My name is is Nash the daughter of the actor who—who died suddenly."

"Yes; I thought it was you," I answered. "I am glad you have come."

Then there was a pause, and I signed to Mrs. Higginson—who looked extremely disposed to take a seat also—to leave us together. When that estimable lady had departed a restraint had been removed by her withdrawal.

"I fear I have been guilty of a great piece of rudeness in stealing into your room in this way," she began, speaking with great volubility, as a person will do who has an awkward explanation or apology to get through; "in even telling your landlady that I was a friend from London, and persuading her to let me come unannounced. I heard that you were ill, and I was afraid that a message might be sent down that you were not well enough to see me. And it was important that I should see you at once—highly important. I did not know how long I might stay here hours or minutes—what was the next train back to London—anything."

"You have come from London to-day?"

"Yes."

"And return to London forthwith?"

"Yes. That is imperative."

"Indeed! Are you strong enough to undertake so long and fatiguing a journey, Miss Nash?" I asked.

Miss Nash was opening and shutting the cover of a book upon my table with a nervous hand. I could see that she was agitated, although possessed of considerable powers of self-repression. She was in deep mourning for her father, too; she had been aware of his death, then—I thought at once. It had not fallen upon her as a surprise; she had not come down to visit her father and been confronted with the news that he was no longer of this world.

"Oh, I am strong enough, Mr. Lissamer. Nothing affects me much," she said, looking very steadily at me with two dark, reassuring eyes; "and weak or strong, I must get back to my sister."

"I should have thought that she—"

I paused, feeling that I had no right to express an opinion, but she completed my sentence for me.

"Would have been better able to undertake the journey," she said. "Well, yes, for she bears fatigue, troubles, disappointments, reverses, afflictions, better than I—with a stronger nerve and a more resolute outlook, thank God! But then she is younger and has more faith. If it were not for Delia, I— But I am intrenching on your time, and not explaining the object of my visit. Pray forgive me."

She said it quickly and gracefully; there was the manner born of the actress in her, I thought; she spoke like a highly cultured woman, and that was hardly possible, considering her antecendents, and judging even from my little knowledge of the family. But she interested me strangely already, or my weakness had rendered me either impressionable or emotional. I felt that I had a difficulty in keeping for some unknown reason, the tears out of my eyes as she went on, and I was conscious that when I should be able to answer her it would be with an ugly break in my voice. Yes I was hampered by a weakness which I was anathematizing in my secret heart. I wanted to be cool and bsuiness-like and gentlemanly and critical if necessary; and I thought that that might be necessary. I was not certain yet. I was only convinced that Hyacintha Nash was regarding me critically in her turn, and looking as if she would analyze my character to the depths, and, if it were possible, by a deliberate survey of me. She was very pretty, and looked very young still; much suffering had not told on her five-and-twenty years of life—the last five years of torture, as I could very well imagine.

"I need not tell you, Mr. Lissamer," she continued, "that it was only late last night that my sister and I heard of the death of our poor father—we have not been in a position to hear before. There have been circumstances conspiring to keep us for a while dead to the stage world, or any world, for the matter of that.

(To Be Continued.)

A Fiddler's Velvet Crab.

For the first time on the east coast a rare but ferocious species known as fiddler's velvet crab has been taken off Yarmouth, where it was captured in a shrimp net. It derives its name from the plushlike feel of its upper surface, which is densely covered with short silky hairs. Its pincer claws are armed with extraordinary spiny processes, and its legs are marked with lines of brilliant blue in life, which rapidly fade after death.—London Standard.

The Buffalo [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

COAL TAR IN ROAD MAKING.

Value In Preservation of Macadam Roads Has Been Demonstrated.

Revolution in road construction is predicted by many highway engineers, but many others believe the successful macadam method modified will be the only innovation. In that event the tar macadam method will surely be considered. A properly tarred road is similar to asphalt pavement, but of a more resilient character. The stone is all bound together by the tar into a smooth, firm surface, which can be swept and washed in much the same manner as an asphalt pavement.

The main agencies which cause deterioration of tarred or oiled surfaces are heavy rain, frost, and the decaying organic matter which accumulates on the surface of the road. So far as can be determined, one kind of road withstands the action of these agencies as well as the other. Water gas tar is used in connection with coal tar, but not to any great extent by itself. It has a greater power of penetration and less of it is required, but it is not so lasting. It really is in a class by itself and occupies an intermediate position between the temporary and the permanent binders.

In some cases, where a limited amount of money is available or where for climatic reasons it is advisable to treat the road with the idea of its lasting only through one season, water gas tar is expected to prove a valuable dust layer, and any extension of its use is thought to lie in this direction. The value of coal tar in the preservation of macadam roads and as a dust preventive is proved by the fact that in the majority of cases the life of a treated road has been materially lengthened, and by applying tar the complete rebuilding of many roads at an enormous expense has been avoided.

A great drawback in the standardization of tar treatment is the impossibility of securing a uniform supply of coal tar. Coal tar is purely a by-product, and the processes by which it is derived are never run with reference to the quality of tar produced but solely to obtain maximum yields of gas or coke.

State Road Enterprises.

Continuous work on the state road that is being built by convicts in Colorado from the New Mexico boundry to Trinidad, and which is planned to be extended to the Wyoming boundry, is advocated by the Denver Republican as the most economical and the best method of accomplishing the undertaking. The Republican's advice applies to New Mexico, and there should be no break in the effort to push the road through from Santa Fe to the Pecos, and after that from the Pecos to Las Vegas and up to Raton, and on the south from Santa Fe to Albuquerque and thence to El Paso, Tex. But at first let the territory finish one stretch, and that the most difficult, and yet the most attractive, that from Santa Fe to the Pecos and thence to Las Vegas, of which thus far thirty miles are completed and only twenty-five miles more need to be built, says the Republican.—Santa Fe New Mexican.

Oklahoma will build a public road across the new state, north and south, and another east and west. They will cross in the Chickasaw Nation lands somewhere. Convicts will be used to make the roads. The bridges will be furnished by the counties through which the roads pass. Texas will fall behind her young sister in road building if she doesn't get busy.—Sherman Democrat.

Syrup on Montana Roads.

A scheme for improving the roads of the state by sprinkling them with a syrup which is a refuse in the manufacture of granulated sugar from sugar beets will be submitted to the good roads convention and is being widely discussed in this section. The idea of using refuse syrup on roads grew out of an experiment made by one of the tennis clubs here. When the court was laid out the dust caused considerable annoyance, also the fact that with every rain the soil was picked up by the shoes of the tennis players. In looking about for a cheap binder one member suggested refuse syrup. It answered the purpose admirably. When mixed with salt and poured over the ground to a depth of several inches the ground was rendered impervious to water and the dust was entirely eliminated. It worked virtually as well without salt. It is believed that if the country roads are properly graded, rolled and copiously sprinkled with this refuse syrup they could be kept in fair condition with two such treatments a year at a cost trifling when compared with oil.—Billings correspondence, Los Angeles Times.

A CORROBORATION

Of Interes tto Wellsboro Readers—A Remedy That Has Proven Reliable.

For months Wellsboro citizens have seen in these columns enthusiastic praise of Doan's Kidney Pills by Wellsboro residents. Would these prominent people recommend a remedy that had not proven reliable? Would they confirm their statements after years had elapsed if personal experience had not shown the remedy to be worthy of endorsement? No stronger proof of merit can be had than cures that have stood the test of time. The following statement should carry conviction to the mind of every Wellsboro reader.

I. Cohen, 10 Bacon St., Wellsboro, Pa., says: "A few years ago we had occasion to use Doan's Kidney Pills in our household for kidney trouble and backache. This remedy was produced at H. L. Blatchley's drug store and it lived up to representations. At that time I publicly endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills and although I have never used them myself, I have no hesitation in confirming my former statement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

TIME FOR SPRAYING

Every agricultural authority in the world says that proper spraying of fruit trees is a paying investment. The results from scientific spraying have in many instances been truly marvelous. The cost is so small in comparison with results that it deserves a trial by all owners of fruit time.

We carry in stock a full line of the standard material for spraying
Sulphur, Lime, Blue Vitriol, Formaldhyd in any quantity.

FAY F. HOWD = Corner Drug Store

Spray Your Fruit Trees Now

WE HAVE ON HAND A LARGE SUPPLY OF

Arsenate of Lead
Lime-Sulfur Solution
Bordeaux Mixture
Blue Vitriol
Lime
Formalin

and the standard spraying solutions of the leading chemical houses.

Have you had one of our booklets on Spraying? If not, call and get one. They contain a lot of valuable information and cost you nothing.

H. L. Blatchley
Druggist

FERTILIZERS AND LIME FOR OATS

For the next 30 days, or until May 1st, we will sell our regular $20.00 Fertilizers for $15.80 per ton for CASH. Other grades proportionately low.

THREE CAR LOADS OF

H. O. LIME

TO ARRIVE WITHIN NEXT TEN DAYS

The cheapest lime for agricultural purposes. 500 pounds equal to one ton of lump lime. Cost about one-half. Save hauling and labor and get absolutely Pure Lime

ASK FOR BOOKLET

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INSURANCE
FOR THE DISCRIMINATING

J. E. BENJAMIN
Eyesight Specialist
Farmers' Phone, 31 B. WELLSBORO, PA.

Local Notices.

Food Sale. The Ladies' Guild of St. Paul's church will hold a food sale at H. L. Blatchley's drug store Saturday afternoon.

Wanted.—To rent a house, centrally located, with modern conveniences; one with barn preferred.
March 20. C. E. FULLWOOD.

For Sale.—House and lot, corner of Grant and Waln streets. Finest location for home in Wellsboro on the market to-day. Inquire of Barton Jones.

Wanted.—To hire a man, with some experience in canvassing in the country. We furnish team and wagon. Must know how to care for horses.
March 20. C. E. FULLWOOD.

For Rent.—Rooms over the Evans Clothing Company. Reasonable alterations made. Inquire of A. C. Evans or Clothing Company.—March 13-tf.

Benefit. — The Girls' Friendly Society of St. Paul's church is to have a benefit in the Auditorium this (Thursday) evening with an interesting program of moving pictures.

Grass Seed a Specialty.—Every day is a "Grass Seed Day" at our store. We have been in the seed and grain business for many years. It is our special line, and experience in selecting and buying any kind of goods makes the buyer more [illegible] in any special line of goods, so we are able to give [illegible] the buying public a [illegible] line of [illegible] We [illegible] Timothy and Clover Seeds, including Alfalfa, Mammoth, Alsike, Peavine, and White Clovers; we also have in stock Field Peas, Millets, Montana Seed Oats, all kinds of Garden Seeds and Flowers Seeds, both in bulk and in package.

People cannot be too particular in the seeds they sow, for "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

Come to our store any day in the week and get our prices and see our goods before placing your orders for seeds.

WELLSBORO FEED STORE,
Geo. C. & F. A. Brooks, Props.
March 27-4t.

The Gazette.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1913.

New Advertisements.

Flour Sale—J. J. Davis.
Horses for Sale—Bert Clemens.
Nemo Corsets—L. B. Finkelstein.
Fortieth Anniversary—Bernkopf's.
LaFrance Shoes—L. B. Finkelstein.
The Stylecraft Store—Mathers & March.
Couch-Divan Double Bed—W. L. Horam.
Mercantile Appraisement—Stuart O'Donnell.
Administratrix's Notice — Estate of John D. Skelton.

Late Local Brevities.

—The trout fishing season opens next Tuesday.

—L. W. Hart, of Morris, was in town Tuesday.

—To-morrow is the first Arbor or tree planting day.

—E. A. Kennedy, of Morris, was a visitor in town Tuesday.

—Mrs. Karl Kilgus is visiting relatives at Painted Post, N. Y.

—Landlord John M. Gillespie, of Blackwells, was in town Tuesday.

—Benefit of the Girls' Friendly Circle at the Auditorium to-night.

—Don't forget the benefit for the Girls' Friendly Circle this evening.

—Hon. J. W. Kjelgaard, of New York city, was in town yesterday.

—Many of the stores close at 6 o'clock Tuesday and Friday evenings.

—Mrs. L. B. Smith is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. A. Baker, at Marshlands.

—Mrs. August Evilhair and family have moved to Pine City, N. Y., to reside.

—Miss Mahalo Colley is visiting relatives at Hughesville, Lycoming county.

—Robert Steele is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Charles Campbell, at Chester.

—Mrs. H. F. Marsh is visiting her sister, Mrs. M. B. Mathers, in New York city.

—Charles A. Focht has purchased a new 1913 Reo roadster of Snyder & Evans.

—Miss Aldyne Daggett has been visiting friends at Jersey Shore the past week.

—Messrs. Neil Houston and J. L. Snyder, Jr., were home last week from Cornell.

—Mrs. Margaret Bodine, of Palmyra, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. W. A. Hammond.

—Mrs. William S. Woodhouse and son, Mitchell, have been visiting relatives at Patton.

—Mrs. P. E. Jackson has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. M. J. Hill, at Bolivar, N. Y.

—Lyman S. Potter has purchased a Ford touring car of the Wellsboro Carriage Company.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Pollock, of Harrisburg, visited in this place and vicinity last week.

—Messrs. C. H. Ashton and R. A. Wakley, of Knoxville, had business in town yesterday.

—The fishing scene in the Gardner & Walz show window attracts considerable attention.

—Miss Lulu Johns, of Tioga, was the guest of Miss Louise Forsythe a few days last week.

—Harold Wheeler has gone to Painted Post, N. Y., where he has secured employment.

—Mrs. L. S. Fischer, of Corning, was the guest of Mrs. John Davis a few days last week.

—Miss Anna Moore and brother, Carl Moore, are visiting relatives at Ridgway, Elk county.

—Mrs. W. P. Zwilling, of Elkland, was the guest of Miss Grace Metzgar a few days last week.

—Miss Grace Jackson has accepted a position in the garment department at the Bernkopf stores.

—Claude B. Guthrie, of Elmira, is the new jeweler and watch repairer at the Vater jewelry store.

—Judson Wilson, of Elmira, has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Frank Derby, the past week.

—Miss Laura Miller, of Ulysses, is visiting her sister, Miss Pearl Miller, at the Forest Lawn Sanitarium.

—Mrs. Benjamin Linn, of Corning, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bailey.

—Mrs. Albert Crandall, of Osceola, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Royal A. Wheeler several days last week.

—Clarence Nobles and Miss Mildred Derbyshire, both of Delmar, were married in Elmira, March 29th.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Edwards have moved from the Glenter house on East avenue to their home in Charlotte [illegible]

—Mrs. Herman Bookmiller, Jr., of Gaines, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. B. D. Carpenter, of Norris street.

—County Commissioner Cleveland took John Robertson, of Duncan, from the Blossburg Hospital to Danville on Monday.

—Earl Furman, of Creek Side, Indiana county, is visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Furman.

—C. E. Bennett spent the first of the week in Philadelphia with Mrs. Bennett, who is visiting her father in that city.

—Mrs. Wilbur Jackson, of Westfield, visited at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette English, last week.

—Hon. H. B. Packer left last Thursday for Tioga, West Virginia, where he expects to spend several weeks on business.

—Mrs. Anna G. Skelton, widow of the late John D. Skelton, has moved her family to Indiana, Indiana county, her former home.

—Hazel Jordan, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Jordan, fell one day last week and fractured one of her arms.

—Arthur Harding, who has been employed at the Bernkopf grocery, has returned to his former position with the electric company.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Roberts left Saturday for Elmira, where Mr Roberts is receiving medical treatment at the Gleason Health Resort.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Flaitz, of Corning, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Rosa Flaitz, to Otto Keck, of R. D. 4.

—William Marble and Miss Louise Waltz, of Mansfield, were married last Wednesday at the Baptist parsonage by Rev. C. G. Langford.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Sherwood entertained a company of friends at bridge at their home on East avenue last Friday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lester Moore, of Corning, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Moore's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Callahan, on West avenue.

—Mrs. Ida Gerould and her daughter, Miss Mildred Gerould, have gone to Wellsburg, West Virginia, for a several weeks' visit with relatives.

—Miss Verna Merrill, of Blossburg, is a patient at Forest Lawn Sanitarium, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis last Wednesday.

—Tioga Lodge, No. 230, I. O. O. F., will observe its forty-second anniversary to-morrow by holding a banquet and ball in Armory Hall in the evening.

—Earl A. Kelsey and Miss Doris L. Marble, of Mansfield, were married last Wednesday afternoon at the Baptist parsonage by Rev. C. G. Langford.

—Frank A. Weller has moved his family from this borough to Mansfield, where he has been engaged in business as contractor and builder with his son, Claude Weller, the past year.

—Leon Roff entertained 35 of his young friends at a masquerade social at his home on Nichols street last Friday evening. Refreshments were served and a good time generally was had.

—Roscoe English, of Endicott, N. Y., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph English, last week. Mr. English is employed as an electrician and conducts an electrical supply store at that place.

—Mrs. E. E. VanCampen, of Hornell, N. Y., was the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. E. Bloom, last week. O. G. Gerould, of Covington, also was visitor at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Bloom.

—Superintendent McCormack and Division Freight Agent McCarty, of the Pennsylvania Division of the New York Central, and J. D. Remington, of New York, Special Freight Agent, were in town Monday.

—George Carson has closed his grocery store in the Blois block on East avenue. The store vacated by Mr. Carson has been fitted up for a box ball alley which is conducted by Messrs. Willard and Culver.

Farnham Black, of this borough, who was arrested in Elmira a few week ago, charged with larceny and burgiary, was brought here Sunday night. He has been in the Elmira jail awaiting requistion papers.

M. W. Butts, of Sabinsville, formerly of this borough, spent Saturday and Sunday in town with relatives. He left Monday morning for Philadelphia where he will receive treatment at the Medico-Chi Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cockburn have returned to Wellsboro to reside after spending several years in Lycoming county, near Williamsport. They occupy their home on East avenue, known as the Margaret Reese property.

Mrs. N. C. Brewster and Mrs. Lee English were called to Lansing yesterday morning by the serious illness of their aunt, Mrs. Betsy Harvey. Mrs. Harvey is one of the oldest residents of Tioga county, being 95 years of age.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Elliott arrived in Wellsboro last Wednesday night from a two weeks' wedding trip. They will be "at home" to their friends after May 1st at the Davis house on Morris [illegible] which Mr. Elliot [illegible]

Superintendent John F. Pitts and County Commissioner Smith last Thursday took Isaac Ketchum from the County Home to the Danville asylum. Ketchum had been an inmate of the home about six years. He was a former resident of Morris.

—Charles L. Bartle, aged 29 years, of Delmar, died April 1st at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Bartle, in that township. Besides his parents he is survived by a sister, Edith Bartle. The funeral was held at the house Thursday morning.

"Printz," a handsome black Percheron stallion, owned by Messrs. Welliver & Root, of Morris, was exhibited on Main street on Tuesday and attracted much attention by horsemen and farmers. The horse weighs about 1400 pounds, height 16 hands, and is a very pretty animal.

—John Shultz, of Galeton, and Miss Beulah Stebbins, of Sabinsville, were married last Thursday at the Methodist parsonage in this borough by Rev. F. P. Simmons. They were attended by Miss Hazel Hill, of Cowanesque, and William Shultz, of Galeton, the bridegroom's brother.

—There is a shortage of maple sugar and syrup in this section this year. Bion Walbridge, of Delmar, one of the most successful makers of maple syrup in this section, declares he will only have about one-half the usual quantity of syrup this season. Continued rains and absence of frost in the ground is said to be responsible for the shortage of the product.

—Mrs. Lomanda Dickinson, aged 84 years, died Saturday morning of apoplexy at the home of her son, John Dickinson, on Nichols street. She had been a resident of Wellsboro only a few weeks, moving here in February with her son from Middlebury, where she had spent most of her life. Besides the son mentioned she is survived by another son, Geo. Dickinson, of Middlebury, and a daughter, Mrs. Albert Hackett, of Smethport.

—George Miller, a former resident of Wellsboro who conducts a livery at Galeton, was the victim of a severe accident one day last week, by being kicked by a horse. The Dispatch says: "Mr. Miller went into the stall to bring the horse out, when it lashed out at him, striking him down. He was removed to his home, where an examination by physicians showed that no bones were broken. With a few days rest in bed, George expects to be out among us again."

—The Rev. Percy C. Webber, of Boston, in his sermon at the Episcopal church last Thursday evening, spoke of his disappointment at finding the stores of Wellsboro open evenings after 6 o'clock. He said, among other things, that if business men could get to the bank before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, customers could do their shopping before 6, and that it was not necessary for the stores to keep open; that it was not Christian nor kind to the salespeople, and requested the ladies of the parish to sign a promise to buy nothing after 6 o'clock in the evening. He stated that by this means the people could close the stores.

—An exchange hit the nail on the head in the following: "Editors are born boosters. The other day the editor was solicited to join a lodge and was handed a petition printed by a supply house. From a merchant he got a dun in a government stamped envelope and written on a gargling oil statement; he made a purchase at a store and got a duplicate bill printed in Williamsport, and wrote a bank check printed in Philadelphia. Ye gods, how can an editor be expected to join lodges and pay bills on such treatment as that, and all the time tell the people to trade at home? Ever think of it? Editors have to be born boosters, prepare to live on dried herring and stand for anything."

—The United States Navy Department has awarded a contract to the Troy Creamery for 80,000 pounds of butter, to be packed in 60 pound firkins. Their previous contracts have called for three and five pound sealed cans.

—Potatoes have been selling as low as 20 cents a bushel in Lancaster county this week. Many farmers held back their supplies in hope that the market would go up, but the coming of warmer weather has forced them to place the supplies on the market.

HOT BISCUIT,

hot cakes, made with ROYAL Baking Powder are delicious, healthful and easily made.

—Over in Susquehanna county copies of a "jag list," containing the names of 19 men declared to be of intemperate habits, have been served on every liquor dealer and druggist in the boroughs of Susquehanna, Lanesboro and Oakland. The lists were prepared by the district attorney upon orders from the County Court, and the dealers are warned not to sell intoxicants to any man whose name is included. Commenting upon the list the Susquehanna Transcript says: "A scanning of the list shows several names that apparently should not be there, while it also shows the absence of a number that should certainly be included."

SPECIAL

FLOUR SALE

Beginning Yesterday and Ending April 19th

WE OFFER

Fancy "Snow Flake" Schumaker Flour

1 Sack, $1.35
2 Sacks, $2.60
Barrel, $5.00

Barrel Price Strictly Cash

8 Bars Acme or Oak Leaf Soap and 7 lbs. Starch, 50c
No. 6 Broom, 28c; No. 7, 32c; No. 8, 38c.

In addition to the above, we offer 20 per cent discount on all our Decorated Toilet and Dinner ware sets, and Fancy China pieces, during the above date.

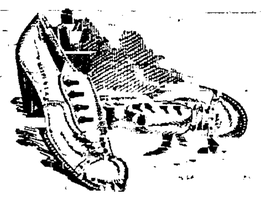
We are paying 17 cents per doz. for eggs this week.

J. J. DAVIS, Grocer

LA FRANCE SHOE for WOMEN

A masterpiece of the shoemaker's art. Modelled on natural lines, **LA FRANCE** fits the foot perfectly, thereby assuring comfort. By the even distribution of weight, due to its scientific construction, the shape of the shoe is preserved.

LA FRANCE wears well and looks well all the time.



AN attractive model is No. 6453 four or six button, in Gun Metal, on Hague last, with welt sole; also to be had in Spartan (tan) Calf, and in White Nu-Buck.

L. B. Finkelstein
WELLSBORO, PA.

AUDITORIUM

Five Reels of Motion Pictures Every Night This Week

SPECIAL FEATURE SATURDAY

The Musical Comedy Stars, Little and Allan, next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, in addition to the regular program of Five Reels.

Admission, 5 and 10c
ALWAYS A GOOD SEAT

The Silent Workings of Compound Interest

Do You Ever Stop to Figure Compound Interest?

Do you know how important a part it plays in the accumulation of wealth? Combined with frugality and sound investment, compound interest is the foundation upon which the majority of fortunes are built.

To the buyer of unimproved real estate, compound interest should have a large personal significance. After paying taxes and charging interest on the money tied up, it often takes an abnormal profit merely to average a fair return. This is one reason why, in many cases, those who put their money into unimproved real estate fail even to get out whole, thus deriving no benefits in the way of income.

COMPOUND INTEREST AT **3½%** in our SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

TIOGA COUNTY SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

The First Bank in Tioga County to Compound Interest

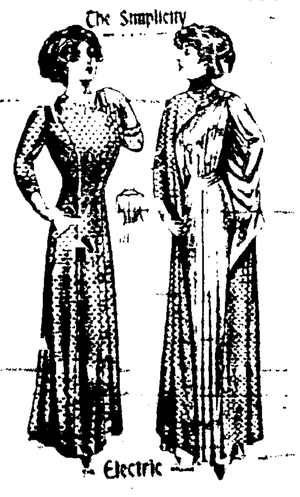
The Stylecraft Store

Ready-to-Wear Department

Ladies' Skirts
All $6.50, $6.75 and $7 Skirts
Now $5.

Simplicity Dresses
All Simplicity Home Dresses, $1 grade,
81c.

These Are Extra Values.



Coats and Suits

If you are in need of a Coat or Suit, don't forget the "Style-Craft" garments—so moderately priced, so perfect in fit, and so distinctive in style. They are sure to please you.

Muslin Underwear

Our new Spring Under-garments are here and can be secured at very reasonable prices, although the quality is extra fine

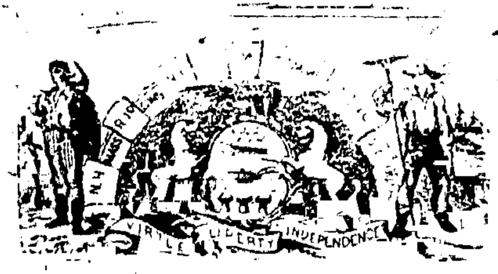
WOMEN'S NIGHT GOWNS
50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50
COMBINATION SUITS
$1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00
UNDERSHIRTS
75c., $1.00, $1.25, $2.00 and $3.00
PRINCESS SLIPS
$1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $3.00
CORSET COVERS
25., 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.25
WOMEN'S DRAWERS
25c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00

We also have a line of Children's Gloves, Shirts, Drawers and "Little Beauty" Underwaists.

MATHERS & MARCH, Wellsboro, Pa.

The Gazette.

WELLSBORO, PA.



FRANK CONEVERY, · Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1913.

Governor Eberhart, of Minnesota, has just signed the act giving a pension of $10 a month to each child whose mother shows her inability to provide for it.

Dr. Nathan C. Shaeffer was last week re-appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction for another term of four years. He has held the position for the past twenty years.

A prize of $50,000 is to be given the first aviator who flies across the Atlantic. We were under the impression they were being killed quite rapidly without special inducements.

Governor Tener has signed the bill which not only forbids the displaying of the red flag in any public procession, but also provides that only the national flag may be displayed from any public building in the State.

A Washington dispatch says that William H. Berry, former Treasurer of Pennsylvania, who exposed the capitol fraud, is to be the next Collector of the Port of Philadelphia. President Wilson wants Berry to have the position, which is the best-paying job in Pennsylvania at the disposal of the President, because he feels Berry should have recognition for his long fight against corruption in politics. The salary is $8,000.

As "a human being to co-operate with other human beings in a common service," President Wilson's first message to Congress is an appeal to party principle and party honesty. The country cannot fail to be impressed by the simplicity, the sincerity and the restraint of the utterance. His message is no call to a crusade. On the contrary, it is a calm, dispassionate presentation of a party's duty and responsibility.—New York World.

The State Legislature ratified the amendement to the federal constitution for the direct popular election of United States Senators last Wednesday, and the amendment was ratified by the Connecticut Legislature on Tuesday. The necessary three fourths of States of the Union having accepted this amendment Congress undoubtedly will immediately accept the amendment. This means that 36 United States Senators will be elected by the people in November, 1914.

The reign of the Republican party in Pennsylvania will, indeed, be brief if the people take to heart the way matters are at present being carried on at Harrisburg. Almost all beneficial legislation that has been introduced at this session to the Legislature may be credited to the Democratic members. The people at last realize that the only party they can expect results from is the Democrats, and for that reason we feel that the next Governor will be a Democrat.—Pottsville Standard.

The sixty-third Congress, the first in many years with the Democrats in a majority in each branch, began business at noon Monday. Just as Speaker Clark was dropping his gavel in the House, Majority Leader Underwood dropped the tariff bill into the hopper, thereby officially starting a task that promises to keep Congress at work well into next August. Removal of all tariff from many articles of food and clothing; broad reductions in the rate of duty on all necessaries of life; an increase of tariff on many luxuries; and a new income tax that would touch the pocket of every American citizen whose net income exceeds $4,000, are the striking features of the new tariff bill.

WILSON ON MONOPOLY.

In the fourth of his series of articles on "The New Freedom" in the World's Work, President Wilson deals with the remedies he will try to have applied during his administration as to the curbing of private business monopolies. He refers to other plans and says that the one proposed by Roosevelt means a partnership between the big business and the government and that the effect of this would depend on the benevolence of the contracting parties. But he declares that the people do not want a benevolent government, and that this is what be proposes to have "restored." On this subject the President writes thus:

"We propose to prevent private monopoly by law; to see to it that the methods by which monopolies have been built up are legally made impossible. We design that the limitations on private enterprise shall be removed, so that the next generation of youngsters as they come along will not have to become proteges of benevolent trusts, but will be free to go about making their own lives what they will; so that we shall taste again the full cup, not of charity, but liberty—the only wine that ever refreshed and renewed the spirit of a free people."

The President protests that he does not want to be obliged to live under philanthropy and that he does not believe that monopoly is inevitable. In speaking of the Progressive ... he interprets it as saying ... since it is futile to prevent monopoly, we will make an arrangement ... monopoly will be kind ... [illegible]

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Wilson Personally Delivers His Views on the Tariff Outlines Position of Party.

Washington, April 9.—President Wilson stood on the Speaker's rostrum in the hall of the House yesterday afternoon at one o'clock and personally read his first message to Congress, the first President since John Adams to exercise that privilege.

The renewal of a custom a century abandoned and now surrounded by such wide differences of opinion among members of Congress, itself attracted to the capitol an assemblage necessarily less in numbers, but certainly no less distinguished than the company which attended the President's inauguration.

Two motives influenced Mr. Wilson to decide to read in person his first communication to Congress—the perfunctory way in which Presidential messages usually were received, accompanied as they have been by the drone of a clerk's voice and empty seats and Mr. Wilson's desire that every member should hear his appeal for a thorough revision of the tariff, the sole purpose for which Congress was called into extraordinary session.

President Wilson began his message as follows: "I am very glad indeed to have this opportunity to address the two houses directly and to verify for myself the impression that the President of the United States is a person, not a mere department of the government, hailing Congress from some isolated island of jealous power, sending messages, not speaking naturally and with his own voice; that he is a human being trying to co-operate with other human beings in a common service. After this pleasant experience I shall feel quite normal in all our dealings with one another."

The message was an unusually brief document, dealing exclusively with the need for a thorough, moderate and well-considered revision of the tariff. The President drew attention to the necessity for an early reform in the banking and currency laws, but refrained, he said, from urging, for the present, any other legislation that might divert the energies of Congress "from its clearly defined duty" toward the tariff question.

The message referred to no particular schedule, mentioned no rates, and included no statistics. It was an enunciation of the President's principles on tariff revision. The specific views and ideas as to rates and duties, it has been generally accepted, will be contained in the tariff bill itself, which he is now considering in detail. The President's decision to put the weight of the administration's influence behind the bill, with its various schedules as drawn by the House Ways and Means Committee, caused him to omit specific reference to tariff rates until the measure was finally agreed upon in the opening days of the present session.

The message urged that special privilege and exemptions from competition be cut out of the nation's tariff system and that the revision be made "to square with the facts as they are." At the outset, the President called attention to the party's pledge for tariff reduction. He said:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

I have called the congress together in extraordinary session because a duty was laid upon the party now in power at the recent elections which it ought to perform promptly, in order that the burden carried by the people under existing law may be lightened as soon as possible and in order, also, that the business interests of the country may not be kept too long in suspense as to what the fiscal changes are to be to which they will be required to adjust themselves. It is clear to the whole country that the tariff duties must be altered. They must be changed to meet the radical alteration in the conditions of our economic life which the country has witnessed within the last generation.

While the whole face and method of our industrial and commercial life were being changed beyond recognition the tariff schedules have remained what they were before the change began, or have moved in the direction they were given when no large circumstance of our industrial development was what it is today. Our task is to square them with the actual facts. The sooner that is done the sooner we shall escape from suffering from the facts and the sooner our men of business will be free to thrive by the law of nature (the nature of free business) instead of by the law of legislation and artificial arrangement.

Business Not Normal.

We have seen tariff legislation wander very far afield in our day—very far indeed from the field in which our prosperity might have had a normal growth and stimulation. No one who looks the facts squarely in the face or knows anything that lies beneath the surface of action can fail to perceive the principles upon which recent tariff legislation has been based. We long ago passed beyond the modest notion of "protecting" the industries of the country and moved boldly forward to the idea that they were entitled to the direct patronage of the government. For a long time—a time so long that the men now active in public policy hardly remember the conditions that preceded it—we have sought in our tariff schedules to give each group of manufacturers or producers what they themselves thought that they needed in order to maintain a practically exclusive market as against the rest of the world. Consciously or unconsciously, we have built up a set of privileges and exemptions from competition behind which it was easy by any, even the crudest, forms of combination to organize monopoly; until at last nothing is normal, nothing is obliged to stand the tests of efficiency and economy ... in our world of big business, but ... [illegible]

... arrangement. Only new principles of action will save us from a final hard crystallization of monopoly and a complete loss of the influences that quicken enterprise and keep independent energy alive.

It is plain what those principles must be. We must abolish everything that bears even the semblance of privilege or of any kind of artificial advantage, and put our business men and producers under the stimulation of a constant necessity to be efficient, economical, and enterprising, masters of competitive supremacy, better workers and merchants than any in the world. Aside from the duties laid upon articles which we do not, and probably cannot, produce, therefore, and the duties laid upon luxuries and merely for the sake of the revenues they yield, the object of the tariff duties henceforth laid must be effective competition, the whetting of American wits by contest with the wits of the rest of the world.

Development, Not Revolution.

It would be unwise to move toward this end headlong, with reckless haste, or with strokes that cut at the very roots of what has grown up amongst us by long process and at our own invitation. It does not alter a thing to upset it and break it and deprive it of a chance to change. It destroys it. We must make changes in our fiscal laws, in our fiscal system, whose object is development, a more free and wholesome development, not revolution or upset or confusion. We must build up trade, especially foreign trade. We need the outlet and the enlarged field of energy more than we ever did before. We must build up industry as well and must adopt freedom in the place of artificial stimulation only so far as it will build, not pull down. In dealing with the tariff the method by which this may be done will be a matter of judgment, exercised item by item.

To some not accustomed to the excitements and responsibilities of greater freedom our methods may in some respects and at some points seem heroic, but remedies may be heroic and yet be remedies. It is our business to make sure that they are genuine remedies. Our object is clear. If our motive is above just challenge and only an occasional error of judgment is chargeable against us, we shall be fortunate.

We are called upon to render the country a great service in more matters than one. Our responsibility should be met and our methods should be thorough, as thorough as moderate and well considered, based upon the facts as they are, and not worked out as if we were beginners. We are to deal with the facts of our own day, with the facts of no other, and to make laws which square with those facts. It is best, indeed it is necessary, to begin with the tariff. I will urge nothing upon you now at the opening of your session which can obscure that first object or divert our energies from that clearly defined duty. At a later time I may take the liberty of calling your attention to reforms which should press close upon the heels of the tariff changes, if not accompany them, of which the chief is the reform of our banking and currency laws; but just now I refrain. For the present, I put these matters on one side and think only of this one thing—of the changes in our fiscal system which may best serve to open once more the free channels of prosperity to a great people whom we would serve to the utmost and throughout both rank and file.

WOODROW WILSON.

The White House, April 8, 1913.

OUR HARRISBURG LETTER.

To Test Sincerity of Progressives—For a Square Deal in Taxation.

(Special Correspondence of Gazette.)

Harrisburg, April 9.—Is the present Pennsylvania Legislature really progressive, or is the professed progressivism of a majority of its members largely a sham?

Though nearly three months of the session have already passed, that is a question that has not yet been satisfactorily answered. To hear the members tell it themselves in public they are all progressives. Even the most case-hardened followers of the old, discredited and badly crippled machine proclaim themselves as believers in advanced legislation, in their public utterances, while privately cursing the "Mania" that forces them to wear a progressive mask.

It will be remembered that all the platforms last fall contained planks demanding advanced legislation. In the case of the Democratic party the demands were a broadened reiteration of principles that have been Democratic doctrine for at least 16 years. With the Washington party these same principles were apparently a new discovery and hailed as such. With the Republican party they were a species of bitter pills that had to be swallowed with as good grace as possible in the hope of saving the elephant's life.

Thus we have a Legislature made up of adherents of three parties, all proclaiming belief in similar political views. How many of them are sincere? The test is yet to come. No really vital big legislation has yet come up on final passage that can serve as a test, unless a none-too-friendly committee which harbors a number of men who are suspected of being progressive shouters and standpat performers, can find a way to prevent it.

This bill, which will serve as a test to reveal the genuine progressives and the counterfeits, is a Democratic measure, introduced by Representative E. R. Benson of McKean county. If the people of Pennsylvania who provide the money to conduct the State government, including the funds for padded pay rolls, cross-country junkets and jobs with nothing to do but draw the pay, had the faintest realization of the vast importance to them of the passage of this measure there would be no question of its enactment, because, an insistent demand would arise for the passage of the law which the counterfeit progressives would not dare to resist. Those newspaper organs controlled or influenced by large corporations that have evaded their just share of the expense of government ... [illegible]

the people shall not be informed of the importance of this proposed legislation through their columns, and it remains for the unshackled press of the smaller communities and the few really independent newspapers of the larger cities to arouse the voters and taxpayers to their individual interest in the Benson bill.

The sum and substance of this bill's aim is to secure equality in taxation. The great mass of citizens of this Commonwealth have long been paying many times more than their just share of taxes for all governmental purposes. At the same time another small class of citizens and practically all the rich corporations of the State have been paying vastly less than their just share of taxation. The Benson bill seeks to wipe out this injustice, to strike a balance between the excessive and the insufficient, to equalize the taxation of all classes, to apply the boasted principle of the square deal to the raising of revenue to maintain the government.

Do you know that the average tax rate of the steam railroad companies in Pennsylvania is only 21-10 mills, of passenger street railways is 4 8-10 mills, of telegraph and telephone companies is 4-10 of a mill, and of other corporate properties is 5 mills? And do you know that the average tax rate for real estate—the workingman's home, the farmer's property and the merchant's store building—is 20 5-10 mills? Those figures tell the story of the injustice of the present tax system in Pennsylvania more eloquently than columns of discussion and argument could do.

It is the condition that the enactment of the Benson bill will correct. Under the tax system provided by this measure no citizen would have to pay more than eight mills tax upon the assessed valuation of his property. How does that strike you, Mr. Farmer, Workingman and Merchant, who have been groaning under a burden of 20 mills or more tax—more than half of which was tax that should have been collected from railroads, telegraph and telephone companies and other corporations profiting from public franchises and enjoying privileges that were never granted you?

It is not to be expected that these corporations will permit the Benson bill to become a law without a hard fight. Every pressure will be brought to bear on members who can be influenced in one way or another to vote against the bill. It is therefore up to the people to fight, too. Every citizen of Pennsylvania who wants to see his unjust tax reduced should write to his representative in the House and Senate urging them to vote for the Benson bill. It is only by an avalanche of public sentiment favorable to this measure that its enactment can be hoped for in the face of the combined efforts of all the corporations to secure its defeat.

But, win or lose, the Benson bill will mark the genuine progressives and the counterfeits. No man, be he Republican, Washingtonian or Democrat, can make a vote against this bill square with professions of loyalty to the public weal.

MEETING OF SUFFRAGE CLUB.

Interesting Papers Read and Report of Recent Lesislative Hearing.

The regular meeting of the Suffrage Club was held on Tuesday evening. After the disposal of routine business Miss Catherine Potter made some remarks about the play which is to be given on May 2d. "The Chaperon" is said to be an exceedingly pretty play, engaging a large number of young people. It is under the management of Miss Margaret Ryon, assisted by Miss Wilhelmina Dutcher, and is in constant rehearsal.

Mrs. Thomas Turner read the concluding paper of the series upon the "Government of the County," this being upon the office of Sheriff.

Mrs. Frances Crichton began the study of the State, with a review of the offices, elective and appointive, and their fields of administration.

Mrs. R. K. Young gave a most interesting account of the recent legislative hearing at Harrisburg, at which she was present, in regard to the Woman Suffrage bill, sketching the arguments of the speakers both for and against. She said that there was only one question. If fair play was used the bill would be passed.

The president spoke of the election now in progress in Michigan, the result of which is being so anxiously awaited.

Mrs. Ernestine Fries was called upon, as a Michigan woman, to say something about the situation. She said that it was known that the brewing interests had poured millions of dollars into the State to defeat the amendment, and that the vicious elements of Detroit would cast a very large vote against it.

A letter was read from a club in Elkland, one of the four federated clubs of this county, inviting the others, two of Wellsboro and one of Mansfield, to a meeting with them. A vote to accept, by all who could go, was passed.

The Rev. Dr. F. P. Simmons was then introduced and made a most inspiring speech upon the reasons for encouragement of the workers for equal suffrage. Hearty applause and a vote of thanks was extended to the speaker. ANNA L. HASTINGS.

[From late dispatches it is learned that woman suffrage in Michigan was hopelessly defeated at Tuesday's election. The opponents of the amendment claim a majority of at least 25,000.—Ed.]

A "House of Mystery."

A "house of mystery" is puzzling people at Plymouth, Luzerne county. The occupant tells a newspaper man that nothing out of the ordinary happens during the night, but that eggs placed in a cupboard have been moved about and many broken; the drawers in one of the upstairs bedrooms have been taken out and left on the bed; household goods are changed about, and a piece of dress goods purchased less than a week ago and left in a chest on the first floor, which was ... [illegible] ... Mr. ... [illegible]

has watched lest an intruder might be committing the depredations, but he has seen no one. Whatever or whoever is doing the sleight-of-hand performances remains a mystery to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and their little children, all of whom are attending school daily. No goods are being taken from the premises.

—Ford Erway and Miss Lela Moshre, both of Little Marsh, were married in Knoxville, March 22d, by Rev. Chatham.

—Rev. James R. Lee, aged nearly 74 years, a retired Methodist preacher, died at his home in Covington, April 1st. He is survived by four children. The funeral was held last Friday afternoon.

—Ex-Senator F. E. Baldwin, of Austin, has had recorded a deed that went through the Austin flood in his safe. It is in a fair state of preservation, but shows unmistakable evidences of the disaster.

—Arthur P. Messner, of East Point, and Miss Florence E. Heyler, of Liberty, were married at high noon last Wednesday by Rev. James A. Shultz, pastor of the Liberty United Evangelical church.

—The public spirited citizens of Galeton are making heroic efforts to have paved streets in that town. At a recent meeting of the Borough Council a resolution was passed directing the borough to prepare the papers for a special election for the purpose of deciding upon the question of raising the indebtedness of the borough sufficient to pave all the principal streets.

For Sale.

The residence of the late Sarah M. Billings on Main street, Wellsboro, Pa., a large 12-room house with all modern improvements.
FRANK A. SEARS, Executor.
March 6, 1913-3m Dundee, N. Y.

Span of Horses for Sale.

A matched span of horses, 5 and 6 years old weight 2,400, good workers and well broke. Call on or address, BERT CLEMENS.
April 10, 1913.* Crooked Creek, Pa., R. D. 1.

Live Stock Wanted

At the stock yards in Wellsboro. Highest market price paid for veal calves, hogs, lambs, bologna cows and beef cattle. Next shipment April 12th.
LOUIS KENDRICK,
R. D. 6, Wellsboro, Pa.
Farmers' Phone 11 AA.—Feb. 20-tf.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of JOHN D. SKELTON, late of Wellsboro, county of Tioga, State of Pennsylvania deceased to the undersigned, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claims against or demand upon said estate, should make the same known without delay. Mrs. ANNA G. SKELTON, Administratrix, Indiana, Pa.
Or, Watrous, Marsh & Channell, Wellsboro, Pa.
April 10 1913 6t.

Nemo Self-Reducing Corsets

A REAL COMFORT TO LARGE WOMEN

Say what you will, clothes are a tremendous asset to feminine good temper and probably nothing in the entire feminine outfit is of such consequence as a corset which is truly comfortable and really makes the best of the figure which it controls. The woman who wears a corset of this kind may feel that the way is found for successful outer clothing, not to mention the fact that feeling one's self properly and charmingly dressed lets one free to enjoy more important matters.

AUTO-MASSAGE SELF-REDUCING No. 354—$3.50

Proved by test to reduce the abdomen *permanently*.

A splendid *style* corset for stout or plump figures.

A wonderful value, simply as a *corset*. Its great features cost you nothing extra. Medium bust, long skirt; sizes 20 to 36—$3.50.

No. 353 is same with *low* bust—$3.50.

OTHER NEMOS $3.00 to $5.00

Nemo Self-Reducing Corsets

are designed expressly for large women. They have the requisite strength and weight, they have admirable straightish lines and they are not heavy or clumsy or in any way complicated. They can be had in coutil or batiste, and the prices range from $2.00 to $5.00

L. B. FINKELSTEIN - WELLSBORO, PA.

The Pyramids of Egypt that were built many centuries ago are still standing. The whole world looks at them with inquisitive admiration. Storms and time have not destroyed their magnitude nor their symmetry. But they were built one stone at a time. If the FIRST STONE had not been properly placed the Pyramids would not be there to-day. A fortune can be built little by little, but not until after it is started. If you want a fortune, START ONE NOW.

Do YOUR banking with US

WE PAY $3\frac{1}{2}$% INTEREST

IN OUR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

The First National Bank

OF WELLSBORO

Varnishing This Spring?

For your outside work you will want the varnish that will stand up under every condition of weather exposure. You will want

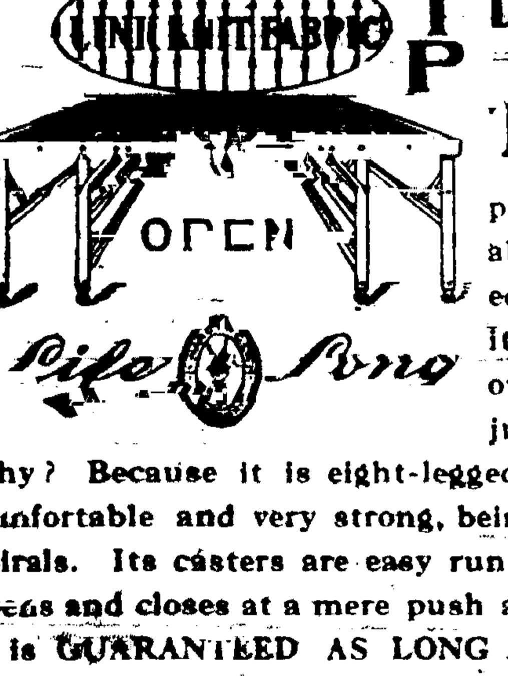
BERRY BROTHERS' SPAR LUXEBERRY VARNISH

IT'S WATERPROOF

The varnish for outside finishing.
The varnish that will not turn white.
The varnish of great durability—especially adapted to exterior work.
The varnish that dries dust-free quickly and with a fine lustre.
When you buy Berry Brothers' Luxeberry Spar you buy 55 years of earned reputation.

FOR SALE BY

Roberts Hardware Co.



NO TIP COUCH-DIVAN DOUBLE BED

THE famous No-Tip Couch, a life-long product is all three of above. Even when opened up to its full width, it simply can not tip over no matter if you jump on its very edge.

Why? Because it is eight-legged. Its spring is extra comfortable and very strong, being supported by nine spirals. Its casters are easy running. And the couch opens and closes at a mere push and a pull. Moreover, it is GUARANTEED AS LONG AS THE CUSTOMER LIVES.

W. I. HORAM, Wellsboro, Pa.

The CIVIL WAR
FIFTY YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

April 3, 1863.

Secretary Wells issued an order naming petty officers, marines and seamen, who were to receive Medals of Honor for conspicuous service at sea.

The British steamer Tampico was captured off Sabine Pass, Tex., by the United States gunboat New London.

Phillip Huber and three others, arrested at Reading, Penn., on a charge of being connected with a treasonable organization known as the "Knights of the Golden Circle," were taken to Philadelphia and placed in prison. The arrest and the charge created considerable excitement at Reading.

Governor Bonham of South Carolina sent a message to the legislature calling its attention to the spirit of speculation that had made such alarming strides in the state as to call for their interposition. Large sums were invested in flour, corn, bacon, and other articles of prime necessity, to the monopoly almost of such articles in certain sections, and were withheld from market or exported beyond the limits of the state, to the enhancement of prices and injury of the consumer. He recommended the passage of an act to arrest the purchase and monopoly of articles of prime necessity, even when it was not intended to export them out of the state.

Cap. J. J. Worthington, with two companies of the First Regiment of Loyal Arkansas cavalry, returned to Fayetteville, Ark., from a scout in Carroll county, in that state. He had four skirmishes with Confederates, and succeeded in killing two and taking seven prisoners. Captains Smith and McFarland of the Confederates were killed, and Captain Walker taken prisoner.

April 4, 1863.

An attempt was made by the National force at Washington, N. C., to capture the Confederate battery at Rodman's Point, commanding the Pamlico river, opposite Washington. A force of two hundred infantry, under command of General Potter, embarked on the gunboat Ceres. She got aground under the guns of the battery, at a point where the troops were unable to land. The Confederates opened heavy fire, and the party was glad to withdraw as soon as it got free.

In retaliation for firing into and disabling the gunboat St. Clair, the gunboat Lexington, under the command of Lieut. LeRoy Fitch, visited the town of Palmyra, Tenn., and after giving the inhabitants time to leave, burned it to the ground.

The supreme court of New York, at Rochester, decided that United States legal tender notes were constitutional as to debts contracted before the passage of the law making such notes legal tender. All of the judges concurred in the decision.

The National steamer Sylvan Shore, which left Beaufort for Washington, N. C., was fired upon by a Confederate battery a few miles below her destination and compelled to put back to Beaufort, with a number of men killed and wounded.

April 5, 1863.

The ship Louisa Hatch was captured and burned on the high seas by the Confederate privateer Alabama.

Eight thousand National troops left Newbern, N. C., by the way of the River Neuse, to re-enforce General Foster, who was at Washington, surrounded by the Confederates; but, meeting a superior force of the enemy, they returned to Newbern.

An expedition consisting of infantry and cavalry under General Steele, of the Union army, met a small body of Confederates at a bridge over Black Bayou, Miss., whom they drove across the bayou, but whom they could not prevent burning the bridge. The Federals rebuilt the bridge and proceeded to Yazoo City.

The Union gunboats in front of Washington, N. C., shelled the Confederate batteries on Hill's Point for two hours, in an effort to relieve the tension of General Foster, surrounded by Confederates in Washington, but were unable to effect anything against the Confederate works.

The English government detained Confederate vessels in the port of Liverpool.

April 6, 1863.

Gen. R. B. Mitchell, with three hundred and fifty Union cavalry, went out from Nashville on the Lebanon turnpike to Green Hill, Tenn., where he led a dashing charge into a Confederate camp containing a large number of conscripts. Five men were killed and fifteen captured in the sabre charge. All their horses, arms and equipments were taken. The Confederates were composed of parts of Morgan's and McCoun's men. A stillhouse containing forty casks of liquor was destroyed. General Mitchell's command made the march of fifty-five miles in twelve hours.

The United States gunboats Hartford, Switzerland and Albatross, which had been blockading the mouth of the Red river since the first of the month, got under way early in the morning and proceeded down the Bayou Sara, where they stopped, seized upon and threw into the river ten thousand sacks of corn, after which they proceeded to Port Hudson, coming to anchor five miles below the Confederate batteries.

Gold sold in Richmond, Va., at four hundred per cent. premium.

The National steamer Fox, (Whittemore) was captured by a party of Confederates at Pass a L'Outre, Mississippi river.

The New England Methodist conference, in session at Charleston, Mass., adopted a report supporting President Lincoln's emancipation Proclamation, expressing entire confidence in his administration, and pledging ... aid to him in ...

April 7, 1863.

Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, was attacked by a fleet of iron clads and monitors, under the command of Admiral DuPont. After a terrific bombardment of two hours' duration, the Union vessels withdrew, badly shaken and damaged. The Confederates disabled five of seven monitors, and sank the Keokuk.

The United States gunboat Barataria was lost while making reconnoissance in Amite river, Louisiana.

A successful expedition into Gloucester county, Virginia, to capture and destroy cattle and grain belonging to the Confederates, was made by Col. A. H. Grimshaw of the Fourth Delaware infantry. He succeeded in destroying over ten thousand dollars worth of property that had been collected by the Confederates, and in capturing three hundred cattle, sheep, and so forth.

April 8, 1863.

The Richmond Despatch of date said: "We have published the gist of the correspondence between Mr. Mason and Lord Russell, on the question of the legality of the blockade of our ports by the Yankee government, and the recognition of the Confederacy. No southern man can read it without feelings of indignation and contempt—indignation for the cold and stony haughtiness, not to say rudeness of manner, of the British minister toward Mr. Mason, afterward only partially atoned for by a disavowal of any intention of personal disrespect, and contempt for the subterfuges resorted to, to cover a selfish policy. . . . We must not forget, whatever the ministry may do or propose, that our country had received the most valuable assistance from the people of England, and at this time there are schemes on foot there of great importance to us."

The English schooner Maggie Fulton was captured by the Gem of the Sea when attempting to run the blockade at Indian River inlet, Florida.

The Union gunboat George Washington, going aground while on a reconnoitering expedition on the Broad river, South Carolina, was blown up by a shell which a party of Confederates ashore succeeded in throwing into her magazine.

The steamers Saxonia and Lovell were captured and burned on the Cumberland river by a party of Confederate partisans under Woodward.

The Tallahatchia fleet, consisting of the divisions under Generals Ross and Quimby, and numerous gunboats and mortar boats, arrived at Helena, Ark. The expedition, which had been absent forty-three days, left Fort Greenwood on the fifth. As soon as the bustle was observed by the Confederates they opened a brisk fire upon the woods where batteries had been planted, which continued until the last boat steamed up the river. On the passage, the boats were frequently fired on by irregulars. Twenty-five or thirty men were killed and a number wounded.

April 9, 1863.

Col. N. U. Daniels of the Second Regiment of the Louisiana National volunteers, with one hundred and eighty men, left Ship island on an expedition to Pascagoula, Miss. He reached that place and landed his force at nine o'clock in the morning, took possession of the hotel, and raised the National flag. Immediately after this he was attacked by a body of Confederate cavalry supported by one company of infantry. After a severe fight he succeeded in repulsing them. Colonel Daniels held the place until two in the afternoon, when, hearing that a large force of Confederates was on the march toward him, he withdrew and returned to Ship island.

A large war meeting was held in Chicago at which speeches were made by William A. Howard of Michigan, Senator Trumbull, and others.

A sharp fight took place at Blount's Mills, N. C.

Literary Coincidences.

Have you ever noticed that when you are puzzled by some unfamiliar word or phrase that word or phrase will crop up again in a mysterious fashion in some book or paper that you take up shortly afterward. Most of the people with whom I have compared notes on the subject have had this experience repeatedly. In fact, a busy newspaper man confided to me that when arrested by any unusual reference in his reading he does not always seek immediate enlightenment, but waits with a confidence that is rarely disappointed, for the reappearance of the allusion elsewhere to bring the needed illumination, and he told me of some really remarkable coincidences in this respect.

One of the oddest examples of the kind is narrated by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who one evening was discussing with some friends the subject of murder mysteries. He had a vague recollection of hearing of a strange murder committed in England during the last century, but could not verify the matter or supply any details. On the following morning he received a newspaper from a friend in England who had marked for Dr. Holmes' attention a passage in the paper recounting the very tragedy for the particulars of which he was in search.

Dread of Disease.

"It is much worse," said an old English physician, "to have nothing the matter and think that one has something the matter, than to have something really the matter."

Just as the dread of dirt and the dread of sharp instruments and of heights, the dread of the darkness and all the other dreads produce serious discomfort, so does this dread of disease, and just as self-discipline and control are required for them, so still more are they required for this condition. What these patients need is the courage to be well, the confidence in a physician who knows enough to be able to tell them that they have nothing the matter and then such occupation of mind with many things that they have not time to think of themselves.

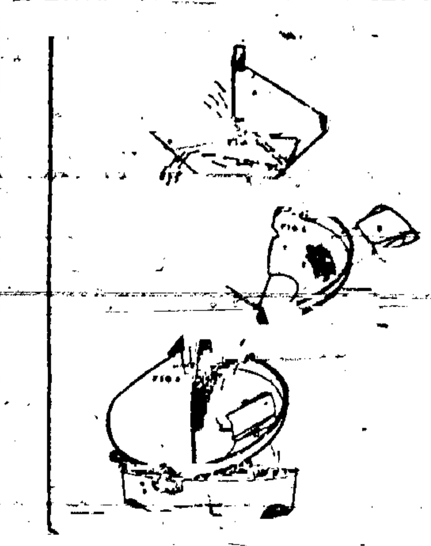
—Only $3.00 for the Buffalo Daily Times and the Gazette for one year.

—Old newspapers for sale at this office. ...

INSURES PURE MILK.

Hood for Bucket Strains Fluid as It Comes from Cow.

An improved type of milk bucket that insures milk free from bacteria or sediment is that designed by an Atlantic City (N. J.) man. This bucket is fitted with a hood that looks like a coal scuttle with the bottom sawed off. In one of the lower sides of this hood is an opening covered with wire gauze and over this is a cap raised a slight distance. When the hood is fitted in the bucket the receptacle is airtight except for the strainer opening. Before entering the milking stable this strainer is covered with a piece of wet strainer cloth, and the stream of milk is directed into the opening of the hood. When the milk is high enough in the hood it filters through the strainer. The flow of air is outward and the milk is deposited in the pure air as it enters the receptacle. In this way all the impure matter that may be in the milk originally is strained out and remains on the cloth. Care should be taken to use a fresh cloth each time, and in this way the average dairyman will have milk as free from bacteria as that of any of the certified dairies that spend large sums of money yearly for devices to purify the fluid.—Philadelphia Record.



Air Kept Pure in Bucket.

Corn as a Feed for Cows.

The dairyman finds that corn has the largest place of any of the farm crops in his business of milk production. Of the two principal nutriments required by the dairy cow corn yields one in the most wholesome form in the largest amount per acre of any crop. This means that when milk production is considered economically, corn and alfalfa must be recognized as constituting the main part of a cow's feed. They balance each other as well as any other combination of two feeds.

Owing to the fact that corn can be made into silage successfully to supplant the need of green feed during the winter months, thus stimulating the flow of milk, it is of double value to the dairyman. In this respect it has no equal. Where men have tried to produce milk on silage alone they have failed, as the corn plant is deficient in protein, so necessary for muscle building and for supplying nourishment to the cells. Therefore alfalfa or a like feed must be given to furnish the protein. As a "tonic" corn ranks high, and no matter what investigation may show as to the superiority of protein feeds, corn must always be used as a part, though not all, of a ration for dairy cows.

Corn also is food for calves fed on skim milk, since it supplies the fat removed by the skimming of the milk. Ground corn is better than oilmeal, bran or shorts, since the latter are rich and poor in the same constituents and much in the same proportion as skim-milk.—Farmers and Drovers Journal.

Feeding for Milk.

If a cow weighing 1,000 pounds can consume 30 pounds of alfalfa hay daily she should produce in the neighborhood of 25 pounds of 4 per cent. milk. There are very few cows, however, that will take care of as much roughage as this. Much depends on the price of dairy products whether it will pay to add meal to supplement the alfalfa. A ration consisting of 20 pounds alfalfa hay and 8 pounds barley meal should produce 30 pounds of 4 per cent. milk. In the latter ration ten pounds less of alfalfa hay is used, which is worth 5 cents, and 12 cents' worth of barley meal is added to the ration, making the ration with the barley meal cost 7 cents more than when alfalfa is fed alone. The question is, can the feeder afford to spend 7 cents more per day for the extra amount of milk received?—Hoard's Dairyman.

Use the Sprayer.

You almost have a conniption fit if one little measly fly walks over some exposed part of your hide; yet a million of them swarm over your dairy cows and still you expect the poor animals to gush forth a profitable milk flow. Dig out that sprayer and get busy with it!

For the Head of the Herd.

Whatever the character of a dairy herd there should be a thoroughbred sire at the head of it, and he should be of the dairy and not of the beef type. Once in a while you may run across a dual purpose cow, but nature does not provide dual purpose bulls.

Clearing the Rhine.

In 1893 the Rhine was navigable between Mannheim and Strassburg (Kehl) only 70 days; in 1910 it was navigable for 356 days, which was a record number. The deepening of the river and the constant care exercised by the governments of both Baden and Alsace-Lorraine have made this increase possible.

Once Buried Church.

At Soulac, in Gascony, a cross was discovered projecting above the sands. Further investigation showed that it was attached to a steeple, and later a well preserved church of the thirteenth century was excavated. The church is now in use.—Argus.

One Railroad's Record.

Since the City and South London Tube Railway was opened, twenty-one years ago, only one servant of the company has been killed on the line ...

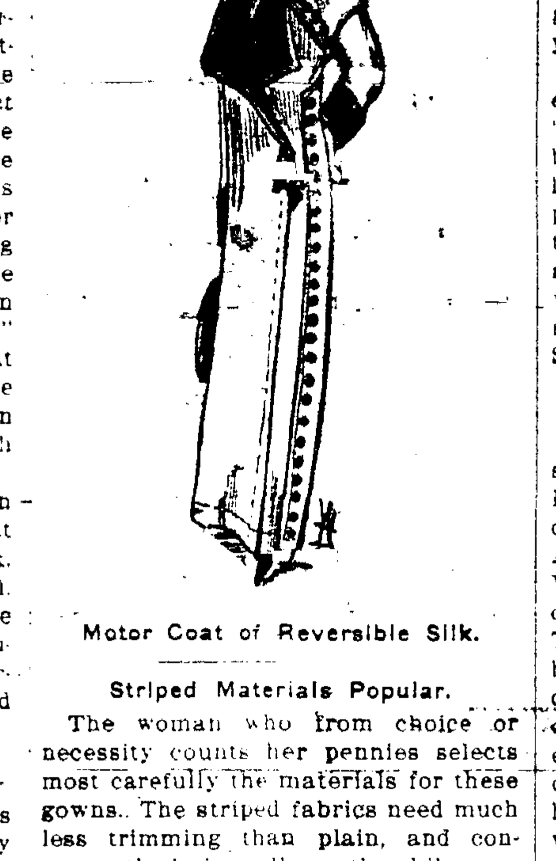
Of Interest to Women

Dignity and Elegance are Combined in the Latest Frocks Designed for Little Girls—They may be Entirely Free from Frilly Decorations.

Some of the new frocks for little girls of from six to ten years have a wonderfully dignified air, and are entirely free from the soft, frilly sort of decorations one is accustomed to associate with thoughts of attire for the maiden of tender years. Velveteen, corduroy and pique are made up with a plainness that makes attention to line as important as it is in the building of grown-up apparel.

As the idea of dressing children in wash fabrics grows in favor pique naturally comes more and more to the fore. One little frock of this material, which has the charm of simple elegance, consists of a skirt and kimono waist that are as plain in cut as could well be. Around the skirt and running up in a point in front is a band of Venise point about three or four inches wide, and this is bordered by a little meandering design done in fine soutache. The waist has a yoke of Venise point which extends in deep points down the front and back and over each shoulder. Some little soutached motifs are set into the lace yoke, and the belt is soutached and decorated with large crochet buttons.

A second pique dress, a somewhat older model than the one described, is very different in style, although it, too, has an effect of simplicity combined with considerable elaboration. The skirt has a five-inch fold of the material near the bottom, and there is, besides, a short tunic, so that little of the plain surface of the skirt is left visible. The edges of the tunic, including those of a tablier arrangement at back and front, are finished with bias bands of pique put on with beading. This rather severe little dress has the softening effect of a crushed belt of satin ribbon, which passes under the tabliers of the tunic and finishes at one side of the back with rosettes and hanging ends.



Motor Coat of Reversible Silk.

Striped Materials Popular.

The woman who from choice or necessity counts her pennies selects most carefully the materials for these gowns. The striped fabrics need much less trimming than plain, and consequently it is well worth while paying more a yard for them, but there are pattern robes well adapted to the tunic styles that are not too hopelessly high in price. Then a careful search for the band of embroidery or passementerie is often rewarded by a most effective "bit" at a price quite within the reach of even a limited income. These are exquisite in color, design and texture, and it is not necessary to use many yards to make any of the popular models of to-day.

The Real Value of Sheep.

The census report cannot give the real value of sheep. Outside of the value of sheep as producers of meat and wool there is a benefit conferred by them to land. Pastures occupied by sheep become richer every year, and bushes, weeds and briars, which so readily grow where they are not desired are kept down by sheep and their places occupied by grass. The poorest kind of land, if given up to sheep, even if it is necessary to allow feed to them, will be made productive in a few years.

Develop Legs and Arms.

Exercise is the best possible method for enlarging the legs. Long walks will soon produce results. A gymnastic feat which is said to be a certain enlarger for the lower limbs is to stand on one foot and, with the other leg held out as nearly at a right angle to the body as possible, try to touch the knee to the floor.

Exercise with dumbbells and chest weights will develop the arms. If it is impossible for you to use the real things, imaginary ones will prove good substitutes.

Reading in Bed.

Young people, unless they are ill, should not read in bed. Convalescents who wish to read in the daytime should have the bed so placed that the light from the window will fall over the shoulder. This can be arranged sometimes by changing the position so that for the time being the invalid's head is transferred to the foot of the bed. Such a change affords a pleasing break in the monotony of both position and aspect.

Some Causes of Headache.

Headache in which the pain is felt in the forehead is often due to one of two causes, namely, constipation and eyestrain. Either of these ... attention.

ANTS DESTROY FLIES.

Why the Filipinos Are Free of One Insect Pest.

Capt. Percy L. Jones of the Army Medical Corps, reports that flies are comparatively rare in the Philippines because of a species of ant which consumes the larvae of the fly with avidity.

"Upon watching these ants attack fly larvae," he says, "it is interesting to note that they do so in a way which proves that they are no novices at the procedure. One will attack an extremity and apparently bite it, and as soon as the larvae begins to coil and make efforts to escape numbers of others will immediately jump upon it, and in the course of a few moments the larvae will be apparently dead.

"I believe that the ant introduces some venom in the act of biting, formic acid in character, which preserves the larvae as food until such time as the ant needs it—cans it, in other words. As soon as the struggles of the larvae have ceased they haul it off to their nests and return for others. In many instances I have seen them carry away pupae. It will be interesting for the reader to procure a few maggots and place them over an ant bed."

So far as is known this species of ant is not found in the United States and indeed is not yet classified. Capt. Jones has considered the practicability of introducing it into countries where the extermination of the fly is destined to become an important feature of sanitation. This ant is said to be an energetic destroyer of bed bugs as well as of flies.—Military Surgeon.

The Earliest Irish Immigrant.

It may interest some of your Celtic readers to know that certainly one Irishman accompanied Columbus on his voyage of discovery. He is so ubiquitous it is not surprising that he should be found in any country or in any climate.

In a "list of the persons who were left by Columbus on the Spanish island (Santo Domingo) and found killed by the Indians when he returned to settle it in the year 1493" (Navarrete) we find the name of Guillermo Ires, natural de Cainey, en Irlanda." It may be a question whether "Ires" was intended for Irish, but Gainey was evidently meant for Galway.—Ex-Mayor S. A. Green in Boston Herald.

Catching Big "Cats" in Missouri.

The Osage River appears to have been raising big catfish in secret places, for in spite of all the fishing that has been done in some of Missouri's oldest counties, the big fish are being pulled out this season in greater numbers than for several years.

A 68 pound fish has just been taken from the Osage River. These big "yellow cats" are caught close to the banks on lines baited with fish as large as a man's hand. The fishing parties set a dozen poles and watch them all night. The experts nearly always come back with a catch, for where fish grow so large even one sample is a "mess."—Kansas City Star.

Cheeses as Heirlooms.

In some parts of Switzerland it is said that cheeses form family heirlooms which are sometimes handed down from one generation to another. At Les Ormonts, in the canton of Vaud, it is customary to make special cheeses for certain family feasts. They are tagged with explanatory labels and eaten several years later, at other feasts, or even at funerals. Recently, at Les Ormonts, in a concealed shelter, there was discovered a cheese dating from 1785. It was as hard as a rock and had to be cut with a saw. It is reported to have tasted good.

On Saying Grace.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Faerie Queene?—Charles Lamb.

Old Coins in a Secret Drawer.

From the village of Breamore, Hampshire, is reported a discovery of old coins under singular circumstances. At a rummage sale at the rectory remainders were disposed of by Dutch auction, and this lot included an old writing desk, which was secured for 1s 6d. A secret drawer contained thirty gold coins, guineas of George III.'s reign. The box and its contents have since been returned to the original owner.—London Standard.

Thrifty Woman Golfers.

Those who grumble at golf as expensive do not take into consideration how much its pursuit may save in clothes. Women who are devoted to it spend most of their time on the links and thereby avoid much necessity for elaborate frocks, and you can have many weeks' golf for the price of one smart dress.—Madame.

Ladies who possess the finest complexions are among the patrons of Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

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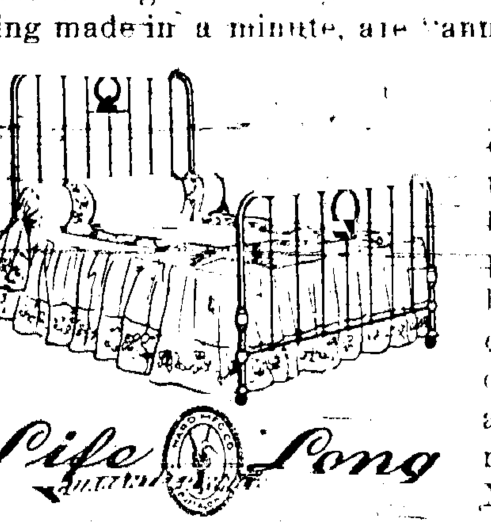
Mica Axle Grease

... The Atlantic Refining Company

IS YOUR WEDDING RING SPLIT?

No, its not butt jointed—its welded into one piece. So is the tubing on this bed. And the "castings" instead of being made in a minute, are "annealed" in an oven for nearly a month, so as to take all the brittleness out of the metal. And the enamel instead of being a "lick and a promise" is of separately baked coats, while the casters instead of being dangerous to good floors and carpets, are the all-metal, ball-bearing kind. Moreover, it is



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Bertha and the River Fairy.

By Maud Walker.

Bertha Lewis was the child of very poor parents. Her home was in the country, about a mile from a large and prosperous town. During the summer months Bertha's father earned a livelihood by selling fish in the town—fish caught from a beautiful river, on whose banks his small farm extended. And Bertha's mother made a garden in the spring, and during the summer she and Bertha peddled fresh vegetables about the village, thus adding a trifle to the small income of the husband and father. But when the winter set in the Lewis family of three found themselves in dire need of the necessities of life. Mr. Lewis cut wood from the timber on his land and sold it to the dealers of fuel in the towns, but the proceeds from this source were very meager, and sometimes the cupboard was empty at meal-time and Bertha went to bed crying for food.

The beautiful river near to which sat the cot of the Lewises, was the scene of many a gay festivity during the winter time, for crowds of young people from town came there anxious to skate on its smooth frozen surface. Sometimes these skating parties would have a night carnival, and then the river would present a gorgeous sight with its hundreds of Chinese lanterns festooned and hung from the bare branches of the trees bordering the banks. And all along the line of skating would gleam merry bonfires, built for the purpose of warming the participants in the carnival.

From the window of their cot Bertha Lewis could see the merry-makers on the river and for hours at a time she would sit there shivering, watching the happy throngs that made the cold air ring with their laughter and song. And often tears of disappointment were in Bertha's eyes. invited by some of the merry-makers to join them in their sport. And at times a longing would come over her to change places with one of the many girls who were luckier than herself in the matter of pleasures.

Bertha was only twelve years old, but she had known all the hardships attending poverty, all the heartaches that accompany unsatisfied longing, all the miseries of the poor. Her mother was kind and loving, and her father gave to her the very best he could manage to possess; but poverty seemed to be the poor man's lot, and he could not rise above it. Often in his despair he would cry out: "Oh, if I could but give comforts to my dear wife and innocent child!" And at such times Bertha's little heart would respond with deepest sympathy, and, putting her arms about her father's neck, she would whisper gently, encouragingly: "Maybe the good fairies will come some day and bring to us wealth. Then we'll have everything we need."

One evening there was a great skating carnival on the river. A gay throng of boys and girls filled it from bank to bank. Their skates gleamed like silver in the light from the lanterns and bonfires. Their faces were radiant with health and happiness. Their voices rang out like music, and their warm attire was most beautiful and elegant to behold. There was one little girl—about Bertha's own size—who caught and held Bertha's attention. She was a dainty miss with brown curls blowing from beneath her pretty toboggan cap, which was worn well over her pink ears to keep Jack Frost from nipping them. Her little jacket and skirt were of soft red velvet, trimmed about with bands of brown fur. She wore soft, warm, well-fitting leggings of brown broadcloth, which matched in tint the fur on her garments and the leather of her shoes. Her hands were slipped into a cosy muff of brown fur. She skated easily, laughing and chatting with her comrades. Bertha singled her out, watching her with glowing eyes and whispering to herself: "Ah, if only I could be like her! What beautiful clothes! How red her cheeks are; and she is so happy that I'm quite sure she never suffers from hunger and cold."

Bertha's mother and father had gone to visit a sick neighbour that evening, telling Bertha to go to bed when she felt sleepy and not to wait up for them, as they might be called upon to sit till midnight with the sick woman. So Bertha sat as long as she wished by the window, watching the gay carnival crowd at their sport. But when the clock struck eight she rose and put on her cloak—a threadbare garment that could barely hang together—and, wrapping her head in an old shoulder shawl, peered out into the night. She wanted to get closer to the gay children on the river, but fearing that she might be seen by them should she go directly down the bank in front of the house (at that spot a big bonfire burned, throwing out light), she crept off through the darkness to a point below a bend in the river, where, unobserved, she might look around the point of bank and watch and listen to her heart's content.

She found a sheltered spot behind a clump of evergreen bushes. And there, right on the river a few feet from where she sat, yawned a great hole in the ice, one of those spots which in some rivers never seem to freeze.

From where she crouched she could see the merry skaters and hear their gay voices much better than from the [illegible] of her home on the bank. [illegible] she almost felt a party of the [illegible] throng. She even smiled as she [illegible] the laughter floating to her on the icy wind. Being used to the chill, she did not mind the snow [illegible] fast nor the cutting wind [illegible]

eyes were feasting on youthful happiness—happiness that she might not have a share in other than watching it from a distance.

Suddenly from the crowd of skaters there dashed a little figure, a figure gay in red velvet and brown fur. Straight toward the bend in the river, toward the very place where Bertha crouched in hiding—it came. And Bertha's heart stopped beating, for she saw it was the little girl whom she had so much admired that evening. She drew herself deeper into the shadow, not wishing to be seen. It was evident that the little girl meant to come around the curve, leaving the bonfires of the skating ground behind her. No one had ever thought of coming down to that point in the river, for the ice there was never smooth, the water flowing so swiftly around the curve that in freezing it became rough.

But the little miss in velvet and fur was wholly ignorant of the condition of the river below the curve, and as none of the merry-makers had noticed her withdrawal from their midst she was coming on unaccompanied and unwarned. And she was coming at good speed, too, her curls flying behind her and her eyes dancing with pleasure.

For only a moment did Bertha remain hidden behind the evergreen bushes. Then, her eyes resting on the great yawning hole, she sprang to her feet, her heart throbbing violently. "She'll go right into that hole unless—" and Bertha forgot her own ugly old garments, forgot that she was there, crouching like a thief, stealing what pleasure she could by watching the party to which she had not been invited. Right out upon the ice she ran, almost slipping down in her haste. And she was not a moment too soon. Like a bird on the wing the little girl in velvet came around the curve, headed straight for the hole that looked black and awful in the moonlight. When she was almost on it she saw her peril and her eyes became filled with terror. She opened her lips to cry out but made no sound. She tried to reduce her speed but she was going so swiftly that to do so at once was impossibe. She clutched at her head, closing her eyes, for she felt that within another second she would be inside that hole that yawned to swallow her.

Then there was a sudden stop and two little girls lay rolling on the ice not five feet from the very verge of the hole. Bertha had leaped forward and caught the little girl as she was flying to her death. The suddenness of the contact brought both of them to the ground, and the severity of the fall stunned them for several seconds. As soon, however, as they regained their sense and got on their feet, Bertha told how she came to be there and how she had run out on the ice to save the little girl in peril. And in vain did the little girl beg of her to go to the place of merry-making, where she should be crowned a heroine. Bertha excused herself on the plea of her ragged garments and the fact that she was a stranger.

"Then I shall bring my parents and come to see you to-morrow," declared the little girl, for Bertha had, in answer to her inquiry, told her where she lived.

The next morning, bright and early, a fine sleigh drew up in front of the home of Bertha Lewis, and a little girl in red velvet and brown fur sprang to the ground. She was accompanied by a lady and gentleman, who proved to be her parents. They were amitted to the house by Bertha's mother. They stayed a long time; in fact, the clock was striking 12 when at last they took their departure. And they left behind them three happy people, Bertha, her mother and father. During their visit to thank Bertha for her heroic act of the previous night—when she had saved the life of their little daughter—the lady and gentleman had learned of the poverty of the Lewises, and had arranged to succor them. The gentleman had a position in his great warehouse in town that he offered to Mr. Lewis. Mrs. Lewis was engaged by the lady to act as a housekeeper in her elegant home. And Bertha was to be sent to a fine school—the very school where their own little daughter went.

"And just think, mamma," said Bertha that day as she and her mother were packing up their things to move to town (where they would be so happy in their new employment), "I was just wishing that a fairy would come and change things for us, when round the curve came the beautiful little girl. She proved to be a real river fairy, didn't she?"

"Yes, my dear child," answered Bertha's mother. "But you were better than a river fairy, for you saved a human life."

Etiquette for Girls.

It is not considered very good taste to insist on paying such trifling sums as omnibus fares when out with friends, especially one's seniors.

Of course it may happen that a girl has for escort a young man who has been deputed to see her home after an at home or reception. In such a case many a girl wonders if she should allow him to pay her cab or railway fare.

As a rule she may, though if she is one of those considerate nice girls, who dislike putting themselves under an obligation of even a trifling kind to any young man, she may feel that she would prefer to pay for herself.

But one has to remember it is very humiliating to a man to be placed in such a position, and I think a girl should sacrifice her own wishes to his sense of self-respect. Were she to rush at the cabman, fare in hand, the pride of her companion would suffer in wondering what the cabman thought of him; for men are more sensitive than women to the opinion of others, even their inferiors.

Lemon Sponge Pie.

Juice and rind of one lemon, one cup sugar, yolks of two eggs [illegible] [illegible], one cup milk, two tablespoons of flour. Add lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff broth.

[illegible]

ATTRACTIVE NEATNESS.

One May Have a Small Allowance, but Good Care Will Preserve Clothes.

We all have among our acquaintances the girl who, without being in the least good looking, always manages to look neat and well dressed.

Perhaps she has only a small dress allowance, and yet whenever you happen to meet her she looks smart and attractive, while other girls, with twice the money at their command, too often look shabby and dowdy.

What is the neat girl's secret? Nothing more nor less than taking care of her clothes; she has a place for everything, and everything is kept in its place; her ribbons, gloves, handkerchiefs, veils, etc., are not all huddled together in one drawer, neither do they lie about on the tables and chairs until they are wanted. Every article of apparel is put away with the most scrupulous care, first being dusted, shaken, mended, as the case may be.

There is a great difference, too, in the way in which girls put on their clothes; and very often a girl dressed in a shirtwaist and plain skirt will look twice as neat as one clad in an expensive gown, the reason being simply and solely this: The one has put her dress on anyhow, the other has taken care that all shall be neat and fresh.

It is the duty of all parents to see that their children are taught from their babyhood to take proper care of their wearing apparel; for the child who lets her clothes drop off her and lie in a heap on the floor invariably grows into the careless, untidy woman, with whom we are so familiar.—New York Press.

Milk for Cleaning.

It seems cruel irony to tell you to clean house with milk when it is so high even for those who wish to drink it; but sour and skim milk and buttermilk are just as good for this purpose, so it is not so expensive as it sounds.

Buttermilk is the best possible thing to clean linoleum and oilcloth. Just mop it up with a soft cloth, and watch the dirt taken off by the application. About once a week is often enough for the cleaning.

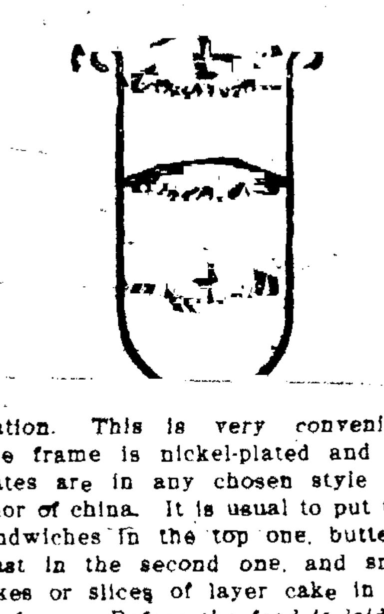
Either skim or sour milk will make rubber-plants grow. Wash the leaves with a soft cloth in milk and water, sponging each off carefully inside and out, and pouring the remainder of your basin into the ground of the tub. The plant grows and thrives on it.

Milk, well rubbed into the wood, makes a good furniture polish also, keeping the shiny surface in good condition. You do not need frequent treatments—at housecleaning time is often enough.

So here are three ways, at least, of using the left-over and spoiled contents of the milk-pitcher.—New York Press.

A Sandwich Holder.

The girl who serves afternoon tea to her friends, formally or informally, should have a little receptacle at her side such as is shown in the illustration.



This is very convenient. The frame is nickel-plated and the plates are in any chosen style and color of china. It is usual to put tiny sandwiches in the top one, buttered toast in the second one, and small cakes or slices of layer cake in the third one. Before the food is laid on them each one should be covered with a fancy doyly.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Boiled Coffee.

Scald a graniteware coffee-pot. Wash one egg, break and beat slightly. Dilute with half a cupful of cold water, add the crushed shell, and mix with one cupful of ground coffee. Turn into the coffee-pot, pour on six cupfuls of boiling water, and stir. Place on the front of the range; bring to the boiling point and let boil for three minutes. The spout of the pot should be covered or stuffed with soft paper. Stir and pour some in a cup, to be sure that the spout is free from grounds. Return to the coffee-pot and add half a cupful of cold water, which perfects the clearing. Place on the back of the range, where the coffee will not boil, and let stand for five minutes. Serve with cut sugar and thin cream or scalded milk.

Portuguese Burial Custom.

They have an unusual mode of burial in Portugal. Instead of the headstones and monuments of the graveyards of other countries the cemetery of Lisbon shows rows and rows of tiny chapels ranged in long avenues bordered by cypress trees. The Portuguese are reluctant to bury their dead out of sight and these chapels serve as mortuaries for the coffins, which are placed on shelves within. Through the iron grilles the eye discerns small altars and flowers gleaming through the subdued light of the interiors.—Manchester Courier.

Keep Teams Busy.

The teams should not stand idle through the winter. You need more humus on your farm as well as plant food, and perhaps there are available supplies of manure that can be secured. You can well afford to pay $1 per ton if the haul is not too long.

Look out for bad habits in colts. It is so much easier to keep them, but than it is to get rid of them if they once get a hold on the [illegible]

Corn is Fattener

After all corn is the great fattener of sheep as for other animals, but [illegible]

QUEER SLIDING OUTFITS.

Combinations of Barrel Staves, Saucepan and Kettle Among Them.

Sometimes you see boys sliding down hill sitting on pieces of sheet iron, and sometimes they use in place of sleds barrel staves, these, of course, with the rounded, bulging side down.

They put two staves close together, edge to edge, and then sit down on them and slide. Barrel stave sliding is a lot of fun, but it's pretty wearing on the clothes, and it's hard to steer this sort of sliding machine, for the under side of it being round it doesn't naturally go straight but is likely to slew around and tip the boy off. But maybe this makes barrel stave sliding all the more fun.

A couple of boys sliding down an icy slope on barrel staves fixed their outfits up with seats on them so that they could set up higher on them. One of these boys had an old iron saucepan with the handle gone, and the other had a flat bottomed old iron kettle. At the top of the hill they would put their barrel staves down on the ice and then the boy with the saucepan would put that bottom up on his pair of staves and sit on it, and the boy with the kettle would put that on his pair, and then away they'd go down the hill like greased lightning, unless they struck a hump on the way.—New York Sun.

First Woman on English Stage.

January 3 is an important anniversary in the development of the British drama, for upon this date in 1661 Pepys went to the Clare Market Theatre, saw the "Beggar's Bush" well performed and records, "the first time that I ever saw women come upon the stage."

Previously all female parts had been taken by boys or young men. The change was probably suggested by Charles II. from his Continental experience and arose from an amusing episode. The King had gone to the theatre "before his time," and finding the actors not ready asked for an explanation, whereupon he was gravely informed that "the queen has not shaved yet!" As the Merry Monarch loved to laugh at a jest as well as to make one, the excuse was accepted and a reform initiated.—Westminster Gazette.

Beavers Attract Attention.

Tourists in the Yellowstone National Park have shown so much interest in the beavers inhabiting the streams that the Department of the interior is considering the advisability of placing colonies of the animals in some of the other national parks. The beaver has been one of the most potent factors in the exploration of the Rocky Mountain region, because the early trappers were generally searching for beaver when they first penetrated the fastnesses of the mountains. The zigzag dams constructed by these busy animals are familiar sights in the Yellowstone National Park. The beaver seems to be particularly adapted to the Platte, the Yosemite and Mount Rainier national parks.

In Memory of Dr. de la Loza.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. L. D. de la Loza, an eminent physician and chemist in Mexico during the last century, was celebrated by official decree with due honors to his memory.

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Arthur Edwards ..... "
J. F. Behrman ..... "
A. Ablee ..... "
John S. Ryon ..... "
Frank Simpson ..... "
Albee & Baxter ..... "

FARMINGTON.

J. M. Allen ..... Farmington

GAINES.

F. M. Atwell ..... Gaines
J. W. Goodwin ..... "
H. Bookmiller & Son ..... "
H. Bookmiller & Son ..... "
M. M. Smith ..... "
W. G. Sears ..... "
Ernest Bratz ..... "
J. W. Freeleigh ..... Marshlands
Reinwald Bros. ..... Watrous

HAMILTON.

Thomas Bell ..... Morris Run
Swinsick Bros. ..... "
Ellsworth & Co. ..... "
Ellsworth & Co. Market ..... "
W. C. Wilson, M. D. ..... "
J. H. Kiley, M. D. ..... "
Alex Boyd ..... "

JACKSON.

John Signor ..... Jackson Summit
J. D. Whittaker ..... "
O. B. Morrill ..... "
George L. Berry ..... "
M. A. Andrews ..... Trowbridge
Wm. M. Fish ..... "
L. A. Trowbridge ..... "
George F. Wilcox ..... Millerton
F. M. Lutz ..... "
Eugene Sherman ..... "
Lewis Dagett & Son ..... Dagett
N. E. Hulton ..... Jobs Corners
E. L. Lucas ..... "
S. B. Goldman ..... Pipe [illegible]

LAWRENCE.

W. D. McNaughton ..... Tompkins
N. Eaton & Son ..... Lawrenceville
B. L. Fletcher ..... "
Cicel & Carpenter ..... "
George E. [illegible] ..... "
[illegible] ..... "
J. K. [illegible] ..... "

Fred Lindsley ..... "
L. W. Inman ..... "
H. Mattison ..... "
Ira L. Price ..... "
A. T. Swan ..... "
Peoples Meat Co. ..... "

LIBERTY.

Snyder Bros. ..... Liberty
W. M. Searles ..... "
R. A. DeCoursey ..... "
Sawyer Bros. ..... "
Fred B. Miller ..... "
C. H. Brown ..... "
O. L. Fick ..... "
M. Schick ..... "
M. H. Smith ..... "
H. L. Merrill ..... "
R. F. Bastian ..... "
W. A. Yaudes ..... "
H. A. Black ..... "
F. C. Rupp ..... "
O. T. Ritter ..... Nauvoo
F. W. English ..... "
A. L. Kline ..... "
C. E. Maneval ..... "
Mrs. J. Kilpatrick ..... Hartsfield
Robert Heyler ..... Sebring

MIDDLEBURY.

John Kirpatrick ..... Middlebury Center
Charles E. Davis ..... "
S. M. McInroy ..... "
P. E. Wilcox ..... "
L. Gee & Son ..... "
James Wakley ..... "
M. J. Smith ..... Keeneyville
A. C. Close ..... "
M. C. Potter ..... "
W. J. Greenfield ..... "
Button Bros. ..... "
T. M. Archer ..... Crooked Creek
L. G. Davidson ..... "
C. J. Brown ..... "
H. H. Simmonds ..... Hammond
F. A. Stratton ..... Niles Valley

MORRIS.

C. S. Blackwell ..... Lloyd
J. H. Barton ..... "
R. J. Blackwell ..... "
J. M. Gillespie ..... "
Geo. Sipa ..... Hoytville
Mike Baraniski ..... "
C. G. Miller ..... "
John Curtin ..... "
Peter Kline ..... "
V. K. Jones ..... Morris
Blackwell & Krystof ..... "
A. Carlson ..... "
Anton Mills ..... "
E. D. Welliver ..... "
L. C. Vaughn ..... "
Leonard & Co. ..... "
Joseph Beagle ..... "
I. F. Black ..... "
E. Dawer ..... "
L. W. Hart ..... "
Levi Frock & Son ..... "

NELSON.

M. B. Seely ..... Nelson
G. W. Barker ..... "
Max Mourhess ..... "
Harry Brestein ..... "
R. E. Baker ..... "
Bert Loop ..... "
A. B. Rowley ..... "
F. S. Phillips ..... "
E. C. Blackwell ..... "
O. B. Blanchard ..... "

OSCEOLA.

Baker Mercantile Co. ..... Osceola
W. H. Chamberlain ..... "
H. S. Odle ..... "
B. W. Holley ..... "
A. J. Odle ..... "
A. S. & G. D. Crandall ..... "

RICHMOND.

L. J. Beach ..... Mansfield
M. S. French ..... "
John Green ..... "
H. M. Griggs ..... "
T. W. Judge Co. ..... "
F. W. Ehlers ..... "
Graves Variety Store ..... "
G. H. Porter ..... "
John Wheeler & Son ..... "
W. S. Farrer ..... "
Chas. McDowell ..... "
Coles Pharmacy ..... "
J. M. Vaughn ..... "
M. H. Shepherd ..... "
Welt Smith Shoe Co. ..... "
John P. Bates ..... "
John Kelsa ..... "
R. D. Owen ..... "
W. J. Neal ..... "
W. A. McCausland ..... "
Mary Crossley ..... "
Goodall Bros. ..... "

RUTLAND.

E. F. Sweeley ..... Rutland
S. B. Hanyen ..... "
John H. Wilcox ..... "
W. B. Niles ..... "

SHIPPEN.

B. F. Walker ..... Ansonia
E. M. Atwell ..... "
A. E. Hawk ..... "
W. A. Wood ..... Asaph

SULLIVAN.

Fred Bryan & Son ..... Mainesburg
C. W. Harvey ..... "
M. W. Ashley ..... "
Rose & Stauffer ..... "
F. H. Connelly ..... "
Scott & Wood ..... "
H. C. Harkness ..... "

TIOGA.

Max Leutner ..... Tioga
J. H. Olney ..... "
Daniel Berry ..... "
F. M. Wells ..... "
H. Finesilver ..... "
Max George ..... "
Joseph Krieger ..... "
Edward M. Kraiss ..... "
W. E. Mitchell ..... "
F. D. Reynolds ..... "
Urell Bros. ..... "
Paul V. Harvey ..... "
J. M. Peck ..... "
I. G. Weaver ..... "
C. E. Smith ..... "
Mrs. W. K. Taylor ..... "
Decker & Engler ..... "
Walter C. Adams ..... "
J. L. Inscho ..... "
Tioga Milling Co. ..... "
Abram D. Daist ..... Mitchell Creek

UNION.

E. E. Hawk ..... Roaring Branch
J. C. Lieb ..... "
H. J. McCracken ..... "
O. S. Roby ..... Leolyn
H. A. Smith & Son ..... Gleason
W. L. & M. R. Miller ..... "
D. Irvin & Son ..... Ogdensburg
H. A. Lawrence ..... "

WESTFIELD.

Frank B. Holcomb ..... Westfield
W. H. Shaw ..... "
Holcomb Drug Co. ..... "
J. B. Gilbert ..... "
Harry Duncan ..... "
F. A. Hall ..... "
Albee & Sheltz Co. ..... "
F. M. Davis ..... "
R. Lincoln ..... "
Rosenbaum & Phillips ..... "
Earl L. Coons ..... "
Max Zief ..... "
E. M. Smith ..... "
S. Dickens ..... "
L. E. Dodd ..... "
Benjamin Rodgers ..... "
Harry Gee ..... "
S. L. Pease ..... "
J. F. Rohaber ..... "
F. J. Wood ..... "
F. J. Wood, Annex ..... "
H. Z. Pride & Son ..... "
H. D. Behrman ..... "
Wm. H. Plank ..... "
C. J. Watson ..... "
Joe Abramson ..... "
L. Plank ..... "
W. H. [illegible] ..... "
J. [illegible] ..... "
[illegible] ..... "

John R. Liecher ..... Potter Brook
C. D. Markham ..... "
H. Boulio ..... "
A. B. Weeks ..... "
R. A. Bates ..... Cowanesque
L. J. Swimley ..... Phillips Station

WELLSBORO.

M. F. Bailey ..... Wellsboro
Henry G. Smith ..... "
Fay F. Howd ..... "
J. W. Martin Bro. ..... "
Chas. A. Focht ..... "
Evans Clothing Co. ..... "
H. Atherton ..... "
Roberts Hardware Co. ..... "
Frank Pagan ..... "
Skelton & Peake ..... "
W. R. Coles ..... "
J. H. Smith ..... "
W. L. Horman ..... "
R. J. Dunham ..... "
Mrs. F. J. Vater ..... "
J. J. Davis ..... "
Gardner & Walz ..... "
Mathers & March ..... "
Seth Daggett ..... "
Rosenbaum & Phillips ..... "
Evans Bros. ..... "
R. C. Kelts ..... "
John Fischler ..... "
R. F. Mosher ..... "
Geo. H. Derby ..... "
Hammond & Hotchkiss ..... "
Fred W. Siemens ..... "
Louise Suhr ..... "
W. S. Mitchell ..... "
Ralph Blois ..... "
Geo. Carson ..... "
Wellsboro Carriage Co. ..... "
Anna J. Hart ..... "
Peter Fischler ..... "
L. B. Finkelstein ..... "
H. L. Blatchley ..... "
Richard E. Sandbach ..... "
F. C. Williams ..... "
R. W. Bailey & Son ..... "
Israel Cohen ..... "
F. R. Fischler ..... "
F. L. Fischler ..... "
F. L. & H. R. Smith ..... "
Schanbacher & Larrison ..... "
D. S. Corsaw ..... "
D. W. Navle ..... "
L. F. Yahn ..... "
O. B. Roberts ..... "
Geo. M. Spalding ..... "
W. B. Phelps ..... "
Fred C. Coolidge ..... "
B. Schrader & Son ..... "
Bailey Bros. ..... "
Max Bernkopf ..... "
Geo. C. & F. A. Brooks ..... "
Geo. C. & F. A. Brooks ..... "
Equity Co-Operative Ex. ..... "

WHOLESALE.

Atlantic Refining Co. ..... Covington
Atlantic Refining Co. ..... Westfield
Atlantic Refining Co. ..... Wellsboro
Fay F. Howd ..... "
Wellsboro Fruit Co. ..... "
Wellsboro Grocery Co. ..... "
Equity Co-Operative Ex. ..... "
W. D. Rose ..... "
Joseph Perlman ..... "
J. W. Thomas ..... "
J. D. Davis ..... Middlebury Center
Miller, Tubbs & Haskell ..... Knoxville
Gilbert Produce Co. ..... "
H. Z. Pride & Son ..... Westfield
J. C. Beach ..... Sabinsville
W. D. Rose ..... Mansfield

EATING HOUSES.

Elmer Reep ..... Lawrenceville
C. J. Cameron ..... "
A. J. Searles ..... "
E. M. Smith ..... Westfield
D. S. Rogers ..... Kress
Verne Calhoun ..... Wellsboro
W. R. Coles ..... "
Mrs. L. D. Jackson ..... "
Ralph Roff ..... "
Arnold Bertche ..... Antrim
J. W. Vaughn ..... Mansfield
A. H. Vosberg ..... "
Mrs. L. T. Wilkins ..... Covington
Fred J. Blanchard ..... "
Joseph Beagle ..... Morris
Carlyle Bros. ..... Blossburg
Brooks Bros. ..... "
C. H. Fisk ..... Knoxville
Patrick Riordan ..... Arnot

BILLARDS, POOL & BOWLING.

H. Mattison ..... Lawrenceville
Lark Leach ..... Elkland
E. R. Dunham ..... Knoxville
W. A. Drucker ..... "
Elmer White ..... Westfield
W. C. Potter ..... Sabinsville
Lewis King ..... Wellsboro
Fred M. Wetmore ..... "
H. H. Button ..... "
Decker & Engler ..... Tioga
W. S. Safford ..... Blossburg
E. D. Welliver ..... Morris
John Gleason ..... Middlebury Center
Mark Davis ..... Blossburg
Mark Davis ..... Morris Run
Crittenden & McCabe ..... Arnot

NOTICE.

The amount of license is due on the first day of May, 1913, and must be paid to the County Treasurer on or before July 1st, 1913.

An appeal will be held at the Treasurer's office in Wellsboro, Pa., on MONDAY, the 7th day of APRIL, 1913, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., no exonerations being allowed after the day of appeal.

STUART J. O'DONNELL,
Apr. 10-4t. Mercantile Appraiser

UNCLE SAM IS AFTER US.

We have been notified by the United States Post-office Department that the law regarding second class privileges in mailing newspapers will be rigidly enforced. Subscribers who are over a year in arrears in payment of subscription will render us a favor by remitting sufficient to pay within a year of the present date. If your subscription is back of March 1st, 1912, we are liable to payment of one cent postage on each paper sent. Look at the yellow label attached to this paper and satisfy yourself that the publisher will not be compelled to pay one-cent postage.

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